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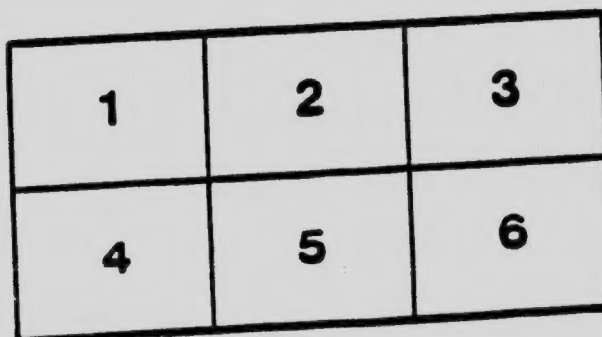
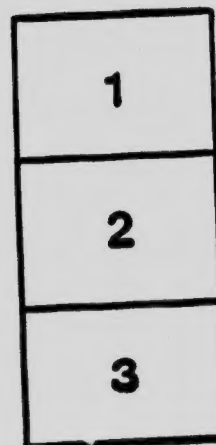
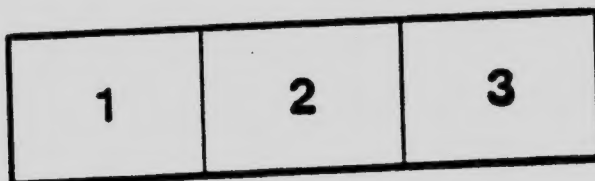
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SELECT POEMS

OF WORDSWORTH  
AND LONGFELLOW

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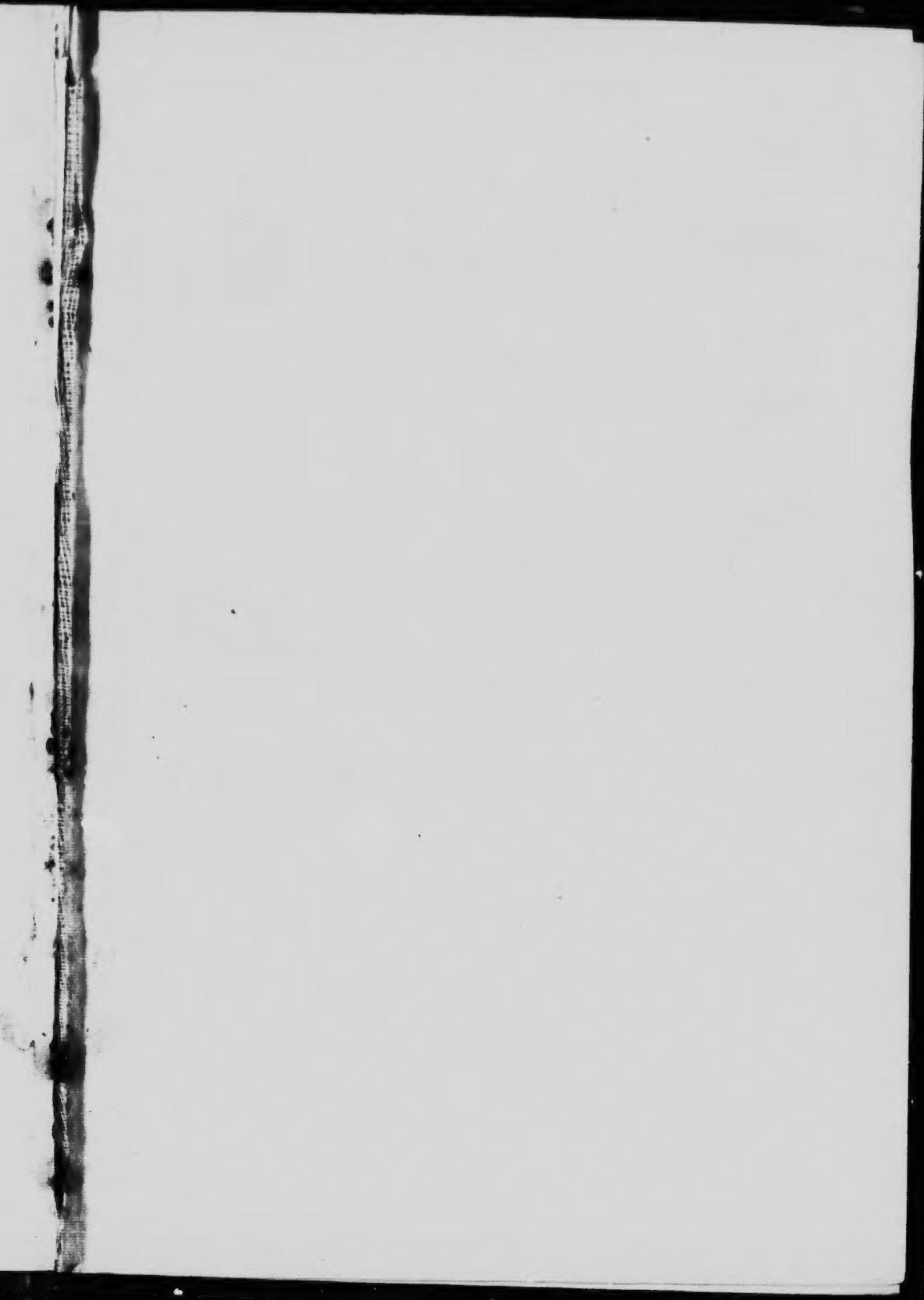
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GRASMERE—WORDSWORTH'S HOME, 1799-1813.

SELECT POEMS  
OF  
WORDSWORTH  
AND  
LONGFELLOW

EDITED FROM AUTHORS' EDITIONS  
WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND ANNOTATIONS

BY  
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Toronto

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## PREFACE

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THIS edition of *Select Poems of Wordsworth and Longfellow* is designed as an aid to the study of English Literature in High Schools, more especially the Literature prescribed for Matriculation and Departmental Examinations, 1905, in Ontario and Manitoba. The present volume endeavours to bring together from many quarters whatever critical apparatus elementary students will require, to make possible for such as use it the thorough study of the poetry it contains.

The text of these Selections has been drawn in every case from the authoritative editions issued by the authors themselves. Wherever possible, each poem has been followed from earliest editions till latest, in the hope that the text might be made trustworthy in every detail. The variant readings have been noted, and will be found of interest to readers, as well as useful in the study of literary expression. For similar reasons, care has been taken to cite the sources of poetical passages, not only that a clearer sense of poetic excellence may be attained, but also that an insight may be afforded into the genesis of poetry and the difference between poetry and prose.

The Appendix contains many poems that furnish interesting comparisons with the prescribed Selections, but in the main it is designed merely as a collection of poetry suitable for literary study without the aid of notes or other critical apparatus.

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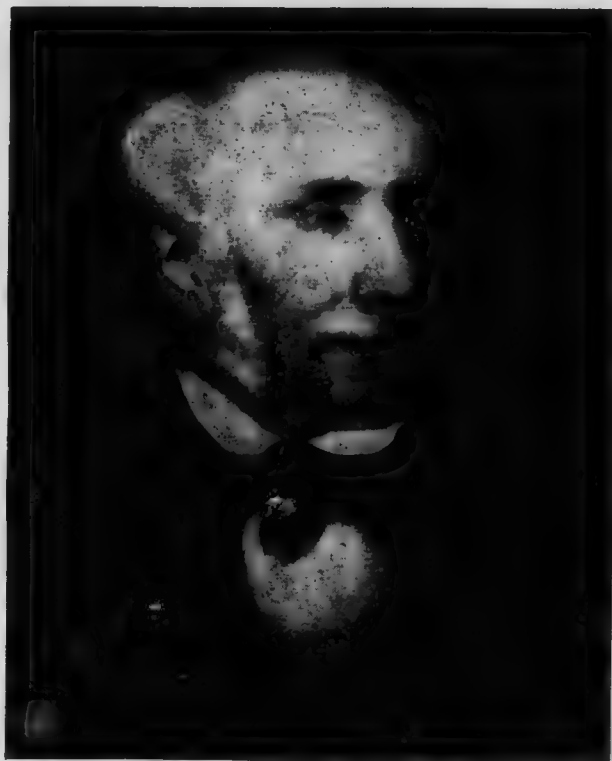
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*Portrait by Henry Esmon, 1844*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850



ESTHWAITE LAKE AND WORDSWORTH'S LODGINGS, HAWKESHEAD

## INTRODUCTIONS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[1770-1850.]

REFERENCES.—The Romantic movement, of which Wordsworth is one of the chief English exponents, may be studied with the aid of Phelps's *Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement*; Beers's *English Romanticism*; Courthope's *Liberal Movement in English Literature*; and Dowden's *French Revolution and English Literature*.

Biographical study of Wordsworth must be chiefly based on Wordsworth's *Prelude*, an invaluable study of the poet's own development, and his autobiographical Memoranda of 1847. Other works of value are: *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, by Christopher Wordsworth; Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*; De Quincey, *Lake Poets*; Hazlitt, *First Acquaintance with Poets*; Knight, *Life of Wordsworth* (vols. ix., x., xi. of *Works*), *Memoirs of Colcorton*; *Proceedings, Wordsworth Society* (six vols., selections of which are in *Wordsworthiana*); Myers, *Wordsworth*, "English Men of Letters" series; Symington, *William Wordsworth*; Sutherland, *William Wordsworth*, 2nd ed., 1892; Elizabeth Wordsworth, *William Wordsworth*; Legouis, *Early Life of William Wordsworth, 1770-1798*.

Essays and criticisms of most value are: Arnold, *Introduction to Selections of Wordsworth*; Church, *Dante*, etc.; Dowden, *Studies in Literature*; Morley (Introduction to his ed.); Pater, *Appreciations*; Sarrazin, *Renaissance de la poésie anglaise*; Schérer, *Essays on English Literature*; Shairp, *On Poetic Interpretation of Nature and Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*; Bagehot, *Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning*; Hutton, *Essays*, etc. The best brief introduction to Wordsworth is Magnus, *Primer of Wordsworth*. Studies of the Lake Country are afforded by Knight, Brooke (*Dove Cottage*), Burroughs (*Fresh Fields*), Conway (*Harper's*, Dec., 1880, Jan., Feb., 1881.), etc.

The best editions are Knight, eleven vols., 1887-1889; Dowden, seven vols., 1892-3; Morley, one vol., 1894; annotated editions of selected poems, Rolfe (*Harper's*), Rowe and Webb (*Macmillan*), Dowden (*Ginn*).

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THE ideals of the eighteenth century are far removed from those of the nineteenth, whether we consider manners, government, or poetry. The men of the eighteenth century were enamored of urban life, especially of London life. London life had acquired for them unequalled zest by the introduction of coffee-houses, which served as centres of discussion and sociability; by the growing importance of newspapers, in which the news of the day was of less interest than the witty essays of Addison and Steele; by the factional fights of Whigs and Tories that followed the introduction of government by party. On the whole, eighteenth century life was devoid of high aims—bishops were politicians, statesmen held power by bribes, gentlemen could be polished rakes—and, unaware of their low-thoughted existence, they had a

cheerful belief that theirs was the best possible world.

Literature reflected this life. The people of the eighteenth century believed without question that their poetry had reached perfection. Bolleau was the legislator of the English as well as the French Parnassus, and with Bolleau good taste, good sense, polish, elegance were the crowning virtues. Clearness, good sense, directness are great literary virtues, but they are not the greatest virtues of poetry. In the conventional, narrow-thoughted, self-sufficient life of the age, imagination, lofty sentiment, spiritual fire were lost. The theme of literature was limited to man the social being, and the supreme treatment, following the tone of society, was the most deadly of all possible modes of creative thought—the satiric. The form of poetry likewise reflected the age. Poets found in the iambic rhimed couplet a form of versification that allowed all their virtues to be manifest—polish, symmetry, clarity, the epigrammatic brilliancy in which satire delights, the formal movement that suited their formal ideals of life.

The group of writers who dominated the first half of the eighteenth century—Addison, Pope, Swift—were succeeded by a second group—Goldsmith, Churchill, Johnson—who possessed, in the main, the very characteristics of their predecessors—their restricted sympathies, their urban tastes, their social tendencies, their ideals of correctness founded on a narrow interpretation of the classics, their limited sense of beauty of form, as indicated by the continued reign of the heroic couplet as the orthodox and almost universal mode of poetic expression.

Thus, for a hundred years, song, to use Mr. William Watson's words, had wandered down from celestial heights, ignobly perfect, barrenly content,—

"Unflushed with ardour and unblanched with awe,  
Her lips in profitless derision curled,  
She saw with dull emotion—if she saw—  
The vision of the glory of the world.

The human masque she watched, with dreamless eyes  
In whose clear shallows lurked no troubling shade,  
The stars, unkennd by her, might set and rise,  
Unmarked by her, the daisies bloom and fade."

But contemporary with these writers—visible, indeed, even in Goldsmith—there are signs of a new movement that will bear us on in an ever-rising flood to Wordsworth and Coleridge, and the literary awakening of the end of the century.

The latter half of the eighteenth century was a time of transition and enfranchisement. The Seven Years' War brought with it the foundation of the colonial empire of Great Britain; the growth of science evoked theories of life and government—a belief in human perfectibility and in the corruption of the existing social state—that could end only in revolution; democracy was vindicated in the United States of America; the rise of Methodism sent a fresh stream of moral emotion and philanthropy into church and people; everywhere one saw the spread of Rousseauism—subjectivity, individuality, passion for solitude, for nature, return to simple, primitive human life:—all these permeated men's minds, forcing a new outlook on life, fresh interests, and bold innovations.

As the eighteenth century wore on the classical style was felt to be less and less effective as a means of poetic expression. Men grew tired of the monotony of form and expression in literature, just as they grew tired of formal, urban life and a narrow range of feeling and experience. Reaching out for relief from the heroic couplet, they resumed old forms of versifi-

cation, the blank verse of Milton, the epic stanza of Spenser, the ode, the ballad, and the sonnet. In place, too, of a narrow horizon of civic life, they lifted up their eyes and saw either a glorious past or an enchanting future. The chivalric ages, viewed beneath the glamour of Spenser and the new German dramatists; the northern nations, with their ancient mythology and misty mountain scenery, brought within range by Macpherson's *Ossian* and Gray's *Odes*; the very life of the people, expressed in the traditional poetry of England and Scotland, and made accessible by the publication of numerous collections of ballads; even the supernatural, not unknown to the ballad, but specially cultivated by tales of mystery and spectral romance transplanted from Germany; the aspects of nature, not the cool grotto and trim hedges, but the mountain, the storm, the winter landscape:—these were the objects filling the new horizon that opened to men's minds; and to this fresh world they came, with minds increasingly sensitive. All Europe was stirring with new emotion, everywhere Rousseau was hailed as the apostle of the feelings and of nature. The ecstasies of Goethe's *Werther* met with "vehement acceptance." The Revolution in men's minds was in progress, passing, before the end of the century, in France, into Political Revolution.

This movement of men's minds towards the picturesque past, towards nature and the supernatural, towards emotion, towards beauty, constitutes the Romantic Movement, to which, in this nineteenth century, we owe our best literature.

With the beginning of the full glory of English Romanticism two names are indissolubly associated—Wordsworth and Coleridge. Others prepared the way; others revealed more or less tentatively some of the characteristics of the movement. Traces of it may be

found in Thomson, whose *Seasons* were completed in 1730; traces of it may be found in Gray, who died in 1771, and whose *Journal in the Lakes* displays a spirit kindred to that of the poet of Grasmere; traces of it may be found in Burns, in whom tender feeling and passion join with appreciation of the beauty possible in the meanest flower and the humblest life. Cowper, the gentlest of poets, was, like Burns, a revolutionist in his political leanings and in his liking for the simplicity of country life; he, too, felt the thrill of communion with Nature, and had a heart that went out to all weak and helpless creatures. Thomson, Gray, Burns, and Cowper, then, all felt the impulse of a new life; but this new life was first manifested in its power in two poets, Wordsworth and Coleridge.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, April 7th, 1770, the second son of John Wordsworth, attorney-at-law, and of Anne Wordsworth, daughter of William Cookson, mercer of Penrith—persons of good yeoman descent and of unpretentious circumstances. His mother early noted the strong character of her son. Of her five children, she said, the only one about whose future life she was anxious was William; he would be remarkable either for good or for evil, for he was, as he said, "of a stiff, moody, and violent temper." His school days were spent at Cockermouth, Penrith, and Hawkshead. His childhood truly showed that in him at least the boy was father to the man. Throughout his youthful years he had a passion for out-of-door life. Cockermouth is near the Derwent, that blent

A murmur with my nurse's song,  
And . . . . . sent a voice  
That flowed along my dreams.

Bathing in the mill-race, plundering the raven's nest,  
skating, nutting, fishing, such were the golden days

of happy boyhood; and the activities of boyhood lived on in the man. Wordsworth, Elizabeth Wordsworth says, could cut his name in the ice when quite an elderly man. Hawkshead overlooks the near-by Esthwaite lake, and there, in the house of Dame Anne Tyson, Wordsworth spent nine happy years until he reached the age of seventeen. *The Arabian Nights*, Fielding, Cervantes, Le Sage, and Swift were his first favourite books. His father interested himself in his training, and through his guidance Wordsworth as a boy could repeat by heart much of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton.

But Wordsworth was taught by a greater teacher than books. Nature entwined with all his life the sights and sounds of a beautiful and varied country. Before the village of Hawkshead, at a distance of half a mile, lies little Esthwaite lake amidst its meadows; a league to the east the greater Windermere divides Lancashire and Westmoreland; six miles to the north Grasmere and Rydal Mere reflect the shadows of Helvellyn; to the west past Coniston lake and Coniston Old Man lies the Irish Sea. The distant line of mountains, the mists rolling down the valleys, the solitary cliffs, the trembling lakes, cascades of mountain brooks, autumn woods—by these he held

"Unconscious intercourse with beauty  
Old as creation."

It was a "time of rapture," a "seed-time," yielding "unfailing recollections":—

"Ye mountains and ye lakes  
And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds  
That dwell among the hills where I was born.  
If in my youth I have been pure in heart,  
If, mingling with the world, I am content  
With my own modest pleasures, and have lived  
With God and Nature communing, removed  
From little enmities and low desires—  
The gift is yours."



There was something, too, in the humble aspects of his childhood years at Hawkshead—the cottage in which he lived, his frugal fare, the village children his companions, the shepherds' huts he visited—to impress him with an appreciation of the native strength of things, and to establish his spirit kindred with that of Burns,—

"Whose light I hailed when first it shone,  
And showed my youth  
How Verse may build a princely throne  
On humble truth."

On the death of his father in 1783, Wordsworth came into the charge of his uncles, who some years later sent him to Cambridge. He entered St. John's College in October, 1787, and found his simple north-country life exchanged for one of "invitations, suppers, wine and fruit." He "sauntered, played, or rioted" with his fellow-students, taking little interest in the narrow range of academic pursuits. However, he read classics diligently, studied Italian and the older English poets—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton. Throughout his college life he was a dreamer, feeling he "was not for that hour, nor for that place." Vacation released him—once to return to his loved valley of Hawkshead and his boyhood's friends and the "frank-hearted maids of Cumberland"—now seen with clearer but not less loving eye; again to explore the valley of the Dove, Eamont, and other dales of Yorkshire and Cumberland; again to traverse on foot France, Switzerland, and Northern Italy, seeing, as from a distance, the nations awakening to battle in the cause of liberty.

In the first of these vacation rambles, returning homeward to Hawkshead at dawn from some frolic,—  
The morning rose, in memorable pomp . . .  
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near

The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds, . . .  
And in the meadows and the lower grounds  
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—  
Dews, vapours, and the melodies of birds,  
And labourers going forth to till the fields.  
Ah! need I say, dear Friend! that to the brim  
My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows  
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me  
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,  
A dedicated Spirit. On I walked  
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

Yet though henceforth a dedicated spirit, Wordsworth was still far from seeing clearly the purport of his dedication. At the age of ten he had begun to feel the charm and power of verse. In the last days of his Hawkshead life he felt the stirrings of poetic composition. His first long poem, *An Evening Walk*, written in college vacations, preserves his early consciousness of the natural appearances of the Derwent, Grasmere, and Rydal, and shows the spirit of nature moving below the literary bondage of Pope.

The song of mountain-streams, unheard by day,  
Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.  
Air listens, like the sleeping water, still,  
To catch the spiritual music of the hill.

Some aspects of life at Cambridge had prompted Wordsworth to verse beside Cam and Thames, but he left college without a definite future. Some months in London, a tour in Wales, then France—France given up to all the hopes and aspirations of the dreamers of universal liberty and a regenerate humanity. Like other young poets of his time, he watched with beating heart the emancipation of human life and spirit in the Revolution.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very Heaven!

For thirteen months Wordsworth saw the Revolution in progress, a friend of one of its leaders, an eye-witness of its atrocities. It was the crisis of his life. When England took part against France, he had a "sense of woes to come" and "sorrow for human kind." All things seemed to need new judging—government, precepts, creeds; and the burden of an unintelligible world weighed him down utterly.

Recalled from France at the close of the year 1792, Wordsworth had still the choice of his profession to make, and for neither church nor law could his perturbed spirit find any liking. At this juncture the influence of his sister Dorothy saved him for his real mission.

She whispered still that brightness would return;  
She, in the midst of all, preserved me still  
A poet, made me seek beneath that name,  
And that alone, my office upon earth.

Wordsworth was never ungrateful to that noblest of women. In the midst of troubles she never flagged, in the moments of literary aspiration she was by his side, with sympathetic heart and equal mind.

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;  
And humble cares, and delicate fears;  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;  
And love, and thought, and joy.

In 1793 he published his first volumes, *An Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches*, the latter occupied with his experiences among the Alps. Only two choice minds seem to have noticed their appearance—Coleridge and De Quincey. "Seldom, if ever," said the former, "was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced."

Nature, books, the genial ministrations of his sister, who won him to "a more refined humanity" and "regard for common things," gradually brought composure to his mind. The political deeds of Napoleon completed the disillusionment of his early republican hopes of the school of Rousseau. Clinging to the good as he found it, he became, as years went past, less and less desirous of changes for prospective good, and from the time of Waterloo he opposed all the later efforts of liberalism, even in the best of causes.

The publication of *Descriptive Sketches* was followed by years of uncertainty—journeyings to and fro—in the Isle of Wight, Salisbury Plain, and along the Wye to North Wales. One of his rambles with his sister Dorothy led him from Kendal to Grasmere, and from Grasmere to Keswick,—“the most delightful country we have ever seen,” she said. He projected a monthly miscellany, republican but not revolutionary, and was completely out of money when his good friend Raisley Calvert died, leaving him a legacy of 900*l*. This was the turning point of his fortune. Inspired by his sister, Wordsworth resolved to take up that plain life of high poetic thought which was to result in a pure and lasting fame.

In the autumn of 1795 the brother and sister settled in Racedown Lodge, Crewkerne, Dorset, in a delightful country, with “charming walks, a good garden, and a pleasant home.” There Wordsworth wrote his *Imitations of Juvenal*, *Salisbury Plain*, and commenced *The Borderers*. Henceforth he was dedicated to poetry.

Meanwhile, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the son of a Devonshire clergyman, had passed through Christ’s Hospital and Cambridge and various projects for reforming the world, such as Pantisocracy, and had finally settled down to matrimony and authorship. He

had first established himself at Clevedon, near Bristol, where he eked out a poor living with hack-work, lecturing, tutoring, varied by some attempts at publishing periodicals and poetry. Early in 1797 he removed to Nether Stowey.

Nether Stowey lies at the foot of the Quantocks, Somersetshire, a few miles from the Bristol Channel, in a country of clear brooks and wooded hills. In June, 1797, Coleridge visited the Wordsworths at Racedown. The two poets read their compositions to each other,—Coleridge his tragedy of *Osorio*, and Wordsworth his tragedy of *The Borderers*. Thus began the friendship of these two men, a friendship that meant much for themselves, much for English literature. Charmed by the scenery of the Quantocks and the opportunity of being near Coleridge, Wordsworth and his sister took up their abode at Alfoxden, some three miles distant from Stowey and two from the Bristol Channel. The mutual influence of these two great and original minds can hardly be appreciated with exactness; but there can be no doubt that the imaginative and philosophic spirit of Coleridge's nature was the ultimate touch that wrought Wordsworth's genius to the finest issues. His kindred influence, said Wordsworth, found its way to his heart of hearts.

Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved  
Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs,  
Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,  
Did'st chant the vision of that Ancient Man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes  
Did'st utter of the Lady Christabel.

The period of companionship and mutual stimulus that ensued was marked by the production of poems that are the unmistakable manifestations of the pres-

ence of that new spirit of poetry which was to dominate the first half of the century to come.

In the spring of 1798 the two poets planned a pedestrian tour to Linton, purposing to defray its cost by a joint composition, *The Ancient Mariner*, which after discussion fell entirely into Coleridge's hands. The project of one poem expanded and took form in a volume of poems, to which Coleridge contributed a few pieces dealing with the supernatural, and Wordsworth the main body of poems depicting nature and humble life under the modifying colours of the imagination. As Coleridge defined Wordsworth's part: "Subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life: the characters and incidents were such as will be found in every village and its vicinity where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves." The poems *To My Sister*, *Expostulation and Reply*, *The Tables Turned* are characteristic of Alfoxden life and Wordsworth's new vision of poetry. The memorable volume, opening with *The Ancient Mariner* and closing with *Tintern Abbey*, was called *Lyrical Ballads*, and was published in Bristol in 1798. Wordsworth issued a second edition in 1800, which, with other poems, contained *Nutting* and *Michael*.

Its immediate influence was very slight. The *Monthly Review* considered *The Ancient Mariner* the strangest cock and bull story, a rhapsody of unintelligible wildness and incoherence, though admitting exquisite poetical touches; in general, it called upon the author of the volume to write on more elevated subjects and in a more cheerful disposition. Cottle parted with most of his five hundred copies at a loss, and on going out of business returned the copyright to Wordsworth as valueless. De Quincey and John Wilson were perhaps alone in recognizing the value

of the volume. Originality, it has been said, must create the taste by which it is to be appreciated, and it was some years before a taste for the new poetry was created.

At Alfoxden, then, *Lyrical Ballads* was written, and there, too, *The Borderers* was finished. The latter was Wordsworth's one effort at dramatic composition. It was rejected by the Covent Garden Theatre; concerning which circumstance the poet remarked:

"The moving accident is not my trade;  
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts;  
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,  
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts."

*The Rural Cottage*, which became, later, the first book of the *Excursion*, was of a different quality—a sympathetic poem of nature and human life in their interrelations—Wordsworth's especial sphere. Lamb and Hazlitt, who came down to visit Coleridge, were taken of course to see Wordsworth. Hazlitt, hearing Coleridge read some of his friend's poems, "felt the sense of a new style and a new spirit of poetry come over him."

On the publication of *Lyrical Ballads*, Coleridge and Wordsworth were enabled through the generosity of the Wedgwoods, sons of the great potter, to carry out a long-cherished project of a pilgrimage to Germany, then the shrine of literary devotion. Coleridge parted company with the Wordsworths on reaching the Continent, passing on to Ratzeburg and Göttingen, while the latter buried themselves in Goslar, on the edge of the Hartz Forest. Wordsworth got little pleasure from German society, literature, climate, or tobacco. Driven back upon himself, he took inspiration from the memories of Hawkshead and Alfoxden, and wrote some of his best poems—*Influence of Natural Objects*,

*Nutting, The Poet's Epitaph, The Fountain, Two April Mornings, Ruth*, and the five poems grouped about the name of Lucy. There, too, to deplet the history of his mind and of his dedication to poetry, he began *The Prelude*. His stay in Germany ended in July, 1799. In the autumn of that year the brother and sister made excursions through Cumberland and Westmoreland, and were led by the natural beauty of those shires to take up their abode, December, 1799, in Grasmere, Westmoreland, in Dove Cottage, at the eastern extremity of the village, known as Town-end.



FRONT VIEW—DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE—GARDEN SIDE.

Gray has described the Grasmere scenery and De Quincey the Wordsworth cottage—a little white cottage, sheltered in trees, overhung by the lofty mountain ascending behind it; in front, the quiet crystal of Grasmere water\* and the stretching meadow-vale in which lies the village with its embowered houses; all about, the encircling eternal hills, and in their bosom, in those days, quiet peace.

During 1800 the poet wrote *Poems on the Naming of Places*, *The Brothers*, *The Pet Lamb*, and that impassioned narrative, breathing the spirit of the Cumber-

\*The view of the lake is now shut off by other buildings.



land mountains, *Michael*. In 1802 he paid a flying visit to France, the memorials of which are the group of sonnets that includes those written at Calais. The same year he married Mary Hutchinson, a schoolmate of his childhood, a wife worthy of her husband and his sister and of the poem *She was a Phantom of Delight*, depicting that perfect woman nobly planned.

In 1807 several volumes of his poems were published, embracing an almost unequalled body of lyric



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH AND MRS. WORDSWORTH.

verse, fruits of seven years perfected by domestic ties, meditation of human nature, human events, and human lives, and study of the meaning and beauty of nature in flower and bird, mountain and stream. Of these volumes are some noble sonnets dealing with contemporary life, *To the Daisy*, *The Solitary Reaper*, *Ode to Duty*, *Elegiac Stanzas*, *Character of a Happy Warrior*, *Personal Talk*, *O Nightingale! thou surely art*, and many other perfect lyrics.

In Dove Cottage until 1808, then for a few years at Allan Bank, a mile away, and the Grasmere parsonage; finally, in a large house, Rydal Mount, overlooking Rydal Mere, nearest neighbour to Grasmere, Wordsworth lived his long life. Friends were about him. Coleridge was at times in Keswick, fifteen miles away (they loved to walk such distances in those days), where Southey also was living; De Quincey took the Dove Cottage when Wordsworth moved to Allan Bank; "Christopher North" was at Elleray, nine miles distant; Dr. Arnold built himself a house at Ambleside, an hour's walk from Rydal Mount. Occa-



RYDAL WATER AND RYDAL MOUNT.  
(WORDSWORTH'S HOME, 1813-1850.)

sionally the poet left his home for long trips to the Continent or to Scotland and Wales, steadily composing under the influences of suggestive scenes. To his tour in 1803 belong the poems referring to Burns. Other excursions gave rise to other groups of poems, published as *Memorials of a Tour in Scotland* (1814), *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* (1820), *Yarrow Revisited* (1835), and *Memorials of a Tour in Italy* (1837). His sonnets, many of which are gems of lyrical beauty unsurpassed, are chiefly in three series, *Ecclesiastical Sketches*, *On the River Duddon*, and

*Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty*. Of his other chief works, *Peter Bell*, written in 1798, was not published till 1819; the *Excursion*, composed in 1795-1814, was published in 1814; *The White Doe of Rylstone*, written in 1807, was issued in 1815; while *The Prelude*, begun in 1790 and finished in 1805, was printed only after his death. In general, in his later work, in almost all that is subsequent to 1808, Wordsworth failed to retain the imagination and passion of the earlier period; he grew more and more didactic and ecclesiastic, and the joy of poetry took flight from his verse. About 1830 the years of neglect and ridicule, which Wordsworth had borne with serene mind and unfalter-



GRASMERE CHURCH, AND THE WORDSWORTH GRAVES.

ing trust, changed for years of honour and fame. Oxford bestowed on him a doctor's degree; the nation, with one voice, on the death of Southey in 1843, crowned him with the laurel, "as the just due of the first of living poets"; and the best minds of England, such as Arnold, George Eliot, Mill, acknowledged the strength and blessedness of his influence. When he died, April 23rd. 1850, the greatest English poet of this century, greatest in original force, sincerity, and beauty of thought, greatest as the interpretative voice of Nature, greatest in power of transfiguring human life with the glory of imagination, had passed away

from the world and from Grasmere that guards and the Rotha that murmurs beside his grave.

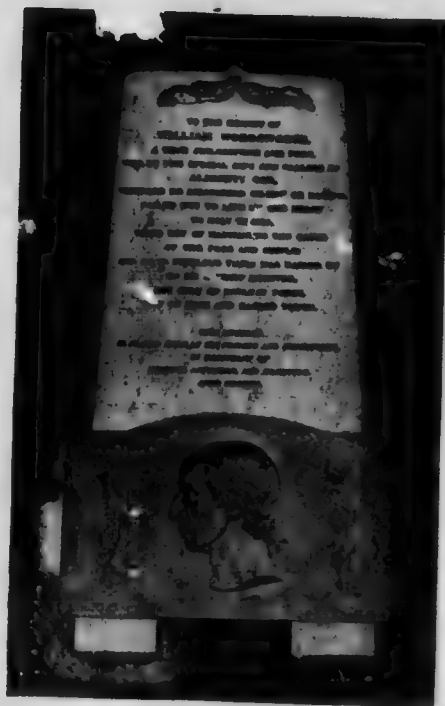
The best personal sketch of the poet is that of Thomas Carlyle, as Wordsworth appeared about 1840: "He talked well in his way; with veracity, easy brevity, and force: as a wise tradesman would of his tools and workshop, and as no unwise one could. His voice was good, frank, and sonorous, though practically clear, distinct and forcible, rather than melodious; the tone of him businesslike, sedately confident, no discourtesy, yet no anxiety about being courteous; a fine wholesome rusticity, fresh as his mountain breezes, sat well on the stalwart veteran, and on all he said and did. You would have said he was a usually taciturn man, glad to unlock himself, to audience sympathetic and intelligent, when such offered itself. His face bore marks of much, not always peaceful, meditation; the look of it not bland or benevolent, so much as close, impregnable, and hard; a man *multa tacere loquere paratus*, in a world where he had experienced no lack of contradictions as he strode along! The eyes were not brilliant, but they had a quiet clearness; there was enough of brow, and well-shaped; rather too much of cheek ('horse-face,' I have heard satirists say), face of a squarish shape and decidedly longish, as I think the head itself was (*its length, going horizontal*); he was large-boned, lean, but still firm-knit, tall and strong-looking when he stood; a right good old steel-grey figure, a voracious *strength* looking through him which might have suited one of those old steel-grey *Margravs* . . . whom Henry the Fowler set up to ward the marches."

The genius of Wordsworth has had no better critic in its weaknesses and its strength than Coleridge. The prominent defects of his poems, according to Coleridge, are:—First, the inconstancy of his style, its sudden

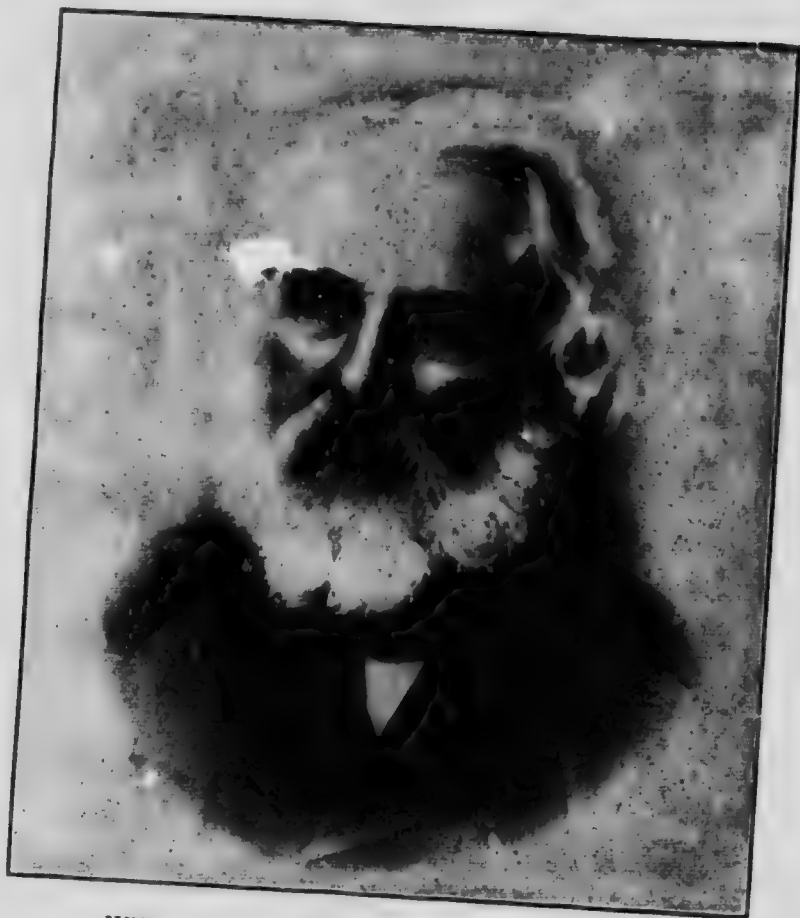
transitions from lines of peculiar felicity to a style not only unimpassioned but undistinguished; second, a not infrequent *matter-of-factness* in certain poems—laborious minuteness, insertion of accidental circumstances; third, an undue predilection for the dramatic form in certain poems; fourth, occasional prolixity, repetition, arising from an intensity of feeling disproportionate to the value of the objects described; fifth, thoughts and images too great for the subject—a sort of mental bombast.

Against these defects Coleridge places very great excellences:—First, an austere purity of language, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning; second, a correspondent weight and sanity of the thought and sentiments—won, not from books, but from the poet's own meditative observation; third, the sinewy strength and originality of single lines and passages; the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction; fourth, the perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions as taken immediately from nature; fifth, a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility, a sympathy with man as man, the sympathy of a contemplator from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of nature; no injuries of wind or weather, of toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine; lastly, and pre-eminently, the gift of imagination in the highest sense of the word. In fancy not always graceful; in imaginative power, he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakspeare and Milton; and yet in a kind perfectly unborrowed. He does indeed to all thoughts and to all objects—

Add the gleam,  
The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration, and the poet's dream.



MEMORIAL TABLET IN GRASMERE CHURCH—INSCRIPTION  
WRITTEN BY JOHN KEBLE.



HENF

9TH LONGFELLOW, 1807-1882.

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

**References.** *Life*.—S. Longfellow, *Life of H. W. Longfellow* (contains extracts from his Journal), *Final Memorials of H. W. Longfellow*; Underwood, *H. W. Longfellow*, 1882; Kennedy, *H. W. Longfellow*, 1882; Austin, *Life of Longfellow*, 1883; Robertson, *Longfellow*, 1887 ("Great Writers" series). **Works**.—His works are published in eleven vols., Boston, 1886. The best one vol. ed. of his poems is the Cambridge ed., Boston, 1895.

THE literature of Puritan America is not cheerful reading. Its very subjects,—elegies, laments, judgments, prospects of death, obituaries, dirges of doom,—are depressing. Quotations from Holy writ abound in the text and scriptural annotations cover the margins. Rarely does a smile creep over the face of this lantern-visaged Muse. The poverty of her metrical art is hidden with the broad mantle of godliness, as when the compiler of the *Bay Psalm Book* remarks, "If the verses are not always so smooth and elegant as some may desire and expect, let them consider that God's Altar needs not our polishings." It is only toward the end of the eighteenth century that a mellowing influence appears, and we are conscious that it has ceased to be a crime to smile. Influenced no doubt by the new poetry of England, the working of a poetic spirit grows more manifest, but the Columbian Muse has still more patriotism than poetry. With the new century, however, what names crowd upon us—Irving, Cooper, Halleck, Lydia Sigourney, Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Willis, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe. Among these, as pre-eminently the representative poet of his time, stands Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Longfellow was born, of good Puritan stock, in Portland, Maine, on February 27th, 1807. His native town and its pictured memories are recorded by the poet in some of his best lyrics, *My Lost Youth*, *The*



*Rope-Walk*, and *Keramos*. In 1822 he left home for Bowdoin College, Brunswick, where he distinguished himself as a poet and as a student. A translation of his from Horace so favourably impressed the trustees of the College that he was called to the chair of Modern Languages, and given permission to make due preparation at his own expense abroad. This preparation he made by residence and travel in France, Spain, and Italy, and in September, 1827, returned to America a well-equipped professor of modern languages. He taught with interest and enthusiasm, diffusing a precious literary charm throughout his class-work that raised instruction into culture. In 1834, when Mr. Ticknor resigned his professorship in Harvard College, Mr. Longfellow was called to his chair, and was again offered the privilege of European travel in further preparation for his position.

Up to this time, Longfellow's only published works, other than poems in magazines, were school-books, a translation of *Coplas de Mauryque*, and *Outre-Mer*. In this work, published in its complete form in 1835, many of the characteristics of his genius are clearly manifested,—his love of the older lands rich in literary and historical associations, a general optimism that falls like sunlight upon whatever objects he sees or persons he encounters. In *Outre-Mer* he definitely entered upon what perhaps was the great mission of his life, the interpretation of the Old World to the New.

In April of 1835 Longfellow and his wife—he had married happily four years before—set out beyond seas. They visited London, Sweden, and were in the midst of their experiences in Holland when Mrs. Longfellow died,—a gentle, beautiful nature whose memory will live in the lines of *The Footsteps of Angels*.—

All my fears are laid aside  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died.

The professor continued his labours in Heidelberg, in the Tyrol, and in Switzerland, where his heavy



CRAIGIE HOUSE, LONGFELLOW'S HOME, 1836-1882.

heart was lightened by association with Miss Frances Appleton. In December, 1836, he entered on his work in Harvard.

Longfellow's life in Cambridge had about it something of ideal perfection. Craigie House, which was

first his lodging, and, after his marriage to Miss Appleton in 1843, his home, stands amid elms and hedges, a roomy, many-windowed house, from which he saw the salt marshes and winding stream of the Charles. The professors among whom Longfellow found himself were genial, able men, bound together by lofty sympathies and hearty love and respect for each other and each other's work. Felton, Sumner, Hillard, Cleveland, and Longfellow were especially drawn together by the delightful dining and talking association of the "Five of Clubs." If one wrote anything, the others admired it. When Felton reviewed *Evangeline* in the *North American Review*, some one underscored the poet's name in a copy of the article, "Insured in the Mutual." Good health, a happy marriage, worldly prosperity, friends, congenial work,—Longfellow might have feared the fate of Polycrates.

Almost immediately with his entry into Craigie House begins the long series of poems that made his name everywhere honoured and beloved. The *Psalm of Life*, *Footsteps of Angels*, *The Reaper and the Flowers*, *Midnight Mass*, *The Beleaguered City*, etc., all appear in Longfellow's first volume of verse, *Voices of the Night*, 1839. Two years later followed *Ballads and Other Poems*, containing other of the poet's best known pieces—*The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Village Blacksmith*, *Maidenhood*, *Excelsior*. How familiar these names are to everybody, every child even! What better proof could be of the universal charm he has exercised over this age. Then came *Evangeline*, and *Miles Standish*, and the various collections of poems in *Seaside and Fireside*, *Birds of Passage*, and *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *Hiawatha*, the epic of the Indian, and *The Golden Legend*, the epic of medievalism, which finally formed with *Christus* and the *New England Tragedies* a Divine Tragedy portraying three as-

pects of Christianity. There are also two more volumes of prose, *Hyperion* and *Kavenagh*, which by no means equal Longfellow's poetry.

One great sorrow overcast the poet's later life. The sonnet,

In the long sleepless watches of the night,

depicts at once the martyrdom of fire by which his wife died and the cross of snow that her death laid upon his breast. In 1880, *Ultima Thule* announced that the poet was reaching the goal of all human steps. On March 24th, 1882, he died, with these words fresh from his pen:

Out of the shadow of night  
The world rolls into light;  
It is daybreak everywhere.

It is this spirit of light that pervades all Longfellow's work. He was essentially an interpretative genius, the apostle of old-world culture preaching in the midst of a new, vigorous, but on the whole unlettered community. Yet his translations, exquisite as they are, his books of sunny as the lands they depict, are only the more recent part of his mission. More than any other poet has made the thoughts and feelings born of a wide acquaintance with literature the daily possession of most English readers. The people found in Longfellow one who reached their hearts by appeals to a common elemental nature. For these Longfellow has written poems which inspire and console, and through the power of tender sympathy help to refine and elevate and temper. Most readers have found a peculiar charm in those poems of Longfellow's that take hold of the commonplace and raise it, idealize it, and with a fancy skyborn, yet shining about them, present it in a new light, beautiful with

a beauty not too fine for simple and good hearts. To diffuse and popularize the truths of poetry, to bring strength, sunshine, and the stirrings of a better life to multitudes of men and women, this is Longfellow's mission. His honoured place among lyric poets is incontestable, and by at least one extensive poem he has found a place among our best descriptive poets. The succession of lovely pictures,—the peaceful village, the primeval forest, the autumnal landscape, the silent aisles of Southern bayous, the limitless prairies, the inaccessible mountains where sing the silver chords of mighty torrents, the ocean moaning hoarsely among its rocky caverns,—these will be held in loving memory while Time with unfading laurel crowns the idyll of *Evangeline*.

In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with speedest care  
Each minute and unseen part;  
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well.  
Both the unseen and the seen,  
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,  
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Henry W. Longfellow

LONGFELLOW'S AUTOGRAPH—FROM "THE BUILDERS."

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## SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH



## WORDSWORTH

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### THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER.

---

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,  
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown ;  
This Child I to myself will take,  
She shall be mine, and I will make 5  
A Lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse : and with me  
The Girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower, 10  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs ; 15  
And her's shall be the breathing balm,  
And her's the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.



## WORDSWORTH.

The floating clouds their state shall lend  
 To her; for the willow bend;  
 Nor shall fail to see  
 Even in the motion of the Storm  
 Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form  
 By silent sympathy.

20

The stars of midnight shall be dear  
 To her; and she shall lean her ear  
 In many a secret place  
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
 And beauty born of murmuring sound  
 Shall pass into her face.

25

And vital feelings of delight  
 Shall rear her form to stately height,  
 Her virgin bosom swell;  
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
 While she and I together live  
 Here in this happy dell."

30

35

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—  
 How soon my Lucy's race was run!  
 She died, and left to me  
 This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;  
 The memory of what has been,  
 And never more will be.

40

TO A SKYLARK.

A THEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!  
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?  
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,                      5  
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

[To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
 Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain,  
 ('Twixt thee and thine a never-falling bond)  
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:                      10  
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing  
 All independent of the leafy spring.]

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine:  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood                      15  
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine:  
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;  
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

## THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed  
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head,  
 With brightest sunshine round me spread  
 Of spring's unclouded weather,  
 In this sequestered nook how sweet  
 To sit upon my orchard-seat!  
 And birds and flowers once more to greet,  
 My last year's friends together.

5

Once have I marked, the happiest guest  
 In all this covert of the blest:  
 Hail to Thee, far above the rest  
 In joy of voice and pinion!  
 Thou, Linnet! in thy green array  
 Presiding Spirit here to-day  
 Dost lead the revels of the May:  
 And this is thy dominion.

10

15

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,  
 Make all one band of paramours,  
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,  
 Art sole in thy employment;

20

THE GREEN LINNET.

7

A Life, a Presence like the Air,  
Scattering thy gladness without care,  
Too blest with any one to pair ;  
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees 25  
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
Behold him perched in ecstasies,  
Yet seeming still to hover ;  
There! where the flutter of his wings  
Upon his back and body flings 30  
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,  
A Brother of the dancing leaves ;  
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves 35  
Pours forth his song in gushes ;  
As if by that exulting strain  
He mocked and treated with disdain  
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,  
While fluttering in the bushes. 40

## WORDSWORTH.

## TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLYTHE New-comer! I have heard,  
 I hear thee and rejoice,  
 O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,  
 Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass  
 Thy twofold shout I hear;  
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
 At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale  
 Of sunshine and of flowers,  
 Thou bringest unto me a tale  
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!  
 Even yet thou art to me  
 No bird, but an invisible thing,  
 A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days  
 I listened to; that Cry  
 Which made me look a thousand ways  
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

5

10

15

20

*SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.* 9

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love;  
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet; 25  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be 30  
An unsubstantial, faery place;  
That is fit home for Thee!

---

*SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.*

---

SHE was a Phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
A lovely Apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair; 5  
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;

But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn :  
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

10

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A Spirit, yet a Woman, too !  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin-liberty ;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet :  
A Creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food ;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

15

20

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine ;  
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A Traveller between life and death :  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;  
A perfect Woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel-light.

25

30

THE SMALL CELANDINE.

---

THERE is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,  
That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain;  
And, the first moment that the sun may shine,  
Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again!

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm, 5  
Or blasts the green field and the trees distress,  
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,  
In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I passed,  
And recognized it, though an altered form, 10  
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,  
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered voice,  
"It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold:  
This neither is its courage nor its choice, 15  
But its necessity in being old.

The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew;  
It cannot help itself in its decay;  
Stiff in its members, withered changed of hue."  
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey. 20

To be a Prodigal's Favourite—then, worse truth,  
A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot!  
O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth  
Age might but take the things Youth needed not!



## TO THE DAISY.

WITH little here to do or see  
 Of things that in the great world be,  
 Sweet Daisy! oft I talk to thee,  
 For thou art worthy,  
 Thou unassuming Common-place  
 Of Nature, with that homely face,  
 And yet with something of a grace,  
 Which Love makes for thee! 5

Oft on the dappled turf at ease  
 I sit, and play with similes,  
 Loose types of things through all degrees,  
 Thoughts of thy raising: 10  
 And many a fond and idle name  
 I give to thee, for praise or blame,  
 As is the humour of the game,  
 While I am gazing. 15

A nun demure, of lowly port;  
 Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,  
 In thy simplicity the sport  
 Of all temptations; 20  
 A queen in crown of rubies drest;  
 A starveling in a scanty vest;  
 Are all, as seems to suit thee best,  
 Thy appellations.

TO THE DAISY.

13

A little cyclops, with one eye

25

Staring to threaten and defy,

That thought comes next—and instantly

The freak is over,

The shape will vanish—and behold

A silver shield with boss of gold,

30

That spreads itself some faery bold

In fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar—

And then thou art a pretty star,

Not quite so fair as many are

35

In heaven above thee!

Yet like a star with glittering crest,

Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—

May peace come never to his nest

Who shall reprove thee!

40

Bright *Flower!* for by that name at last,

When all my reveries are past,

I call thee, and to that cleave fast,

Sweet, silent creature!

That breath'st with me in sun and air,

45

Do thou, as thou art wont, repair

My heart with gladness, and a share

Of thy meek nature!



SELECTIONS FROM LONGFELLOW



THE DAY IS DONE.

---

THE day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village 5  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing, 10  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem, 15  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time. 20

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toll and endeavor;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet, 25  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor, 30  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction 35  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice. 40

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS. 19

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: "Toujours! Jamais! Jamais! Toujours!"

JACQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;  
And from its station in the hall 5  
An ancient timepiece says to all,—

"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands 10  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—

"Forever—never! 15  
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall, 20



Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—

“Forever—never!

Never—forever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth, 25  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe,— 30

“Forever—never!

Never—forever!”

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality;  
His great fires up the chimney roared; 35  
The stranger feasted at his board;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never ceased,—

“Forever—never!

Never—forever!” 40

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed:  
O precious hours! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time!  
Even as a miser counts his gold, 45

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS. 21

Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—

“Forever—never!

Never—forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,

The bride came forth on her wedding night; 50

There, in that silent room below,

The dead lay in his shroud of snow;

And in the hush that followed the prayer,

Was heard the old clock on the stair,—

“Forever—never!

Never—forever!” 55

All are scattered now and fled,

Some are married, some are dead;

And when I ask, with throbs of pain,

“Ah! when shall they all meet again?” 60

As in the days long since gone by,

The ancient timepiece makes reply,—

“Forever—never!

Never—forever!”

Never here, forever there,

Where all parting, pain, and care, 65

And death, and time shall disappear,—

For ever there, but never here!

The horologe of Eternity

Sayeth this incessantly,—

“Forever—never!

Never—forever!” 70

## THE FIRE OF DRIFTWOOD.

DEVEREUX FARM, NEAR MARBLEHEAD.

We sat within the farm-house old  
 Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,  
 Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,  
 An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port, 5  
 The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,  
 The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,  
 The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,  
 Descending, filled the little room; 10  
 Our faces faded from the sight,  
 Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spoke of many a vanished scene,  
 Of what we once had thought and said,  
 Of what had been, and might have been, 15  
 And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,  
 When first they feel, with secret pain,  
 Their lives henceforth have separate ends,  
 And never can be one again; 20

The first slight swerving of the heart,  
 That words are powerless to express,

*THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.*

23

And leave it still unsaid in part,  
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake 25

Had something strange, I could but mark :  
The leaves of memory seemed to make  
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Off died the words upon our lips,  
As suddenly, from out the fire 30

Built of the wreck of stranded ships,  
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and faded  
We thought of wrecks upon the main,  
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed 35  
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,  
The ocean, roaring up the beach,  
The gusty blast, the flickering flames,  
All mingled vaguely in our speech : 40

Until they made themselves a part  
Of fancies floating through the brain.  
The long-lost ventures of the heart,  
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed ! O hearts that yearned ! 45  
They were indeed too much akin,  
The drift-wood fire without that burned,  
The thoughts that burned and glowed within

## RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!

There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying, 5  
And mournings for the dead;

The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise, 10  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;  
Amid these earthly damps  
What seem to us but sad, funeral tapers 15  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death. 20

RESIGNATION.

25

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion, 25  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air; 30  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken, 35  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child; 40

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion      45  
     And anguish long suppressed,  
 The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
     That cannot be at rest,—  
 We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
     We may not wholly stay;      50  
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
     The grief that must have way.

---

### THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

---

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,  
     The day was just begun,  
 And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,  
     Streamed the red autumn sun.  
 It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,      5  
     And the white sails of ships;  
 And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon  
     Hailed it with feverish lips.  
 Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Dover,  
     Were all alert that day,      10  
 To see the French war-steamers speeding over,  
     When the fog cleared away.

*THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS. 27*

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,

    Their cannon, through the night,

Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance, 15

    The sea-coast opposite;

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations

    On every citadel;

Each answering each, with morning salutations,

    That all was well.

20

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,

    Replied the distant forts,

As if to summon from his sleep the Warden

    And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure, 25

    No drum-beat from the wall,

No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,

    Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial

    The long line of the coast,

30

Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal

    Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,

    In sombre harness mailed,

Dreaded of men, and surnamed the Destroyer, 35

    The rampart wall had scaled,



He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
 The dark and silent room,  
 And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,  
 The silence and the gloom.

40

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,  
 But smote the Warden hoar;  
 Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble  
 And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,  
 The sun rose bright o'erhead;  
 Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated  
 That a great man was dead.

45

---

### THE BRIDGE.

---

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
 As the clocks were striking the hour,  
 And the moon rose o'er the city,  
 Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection  
 In the waters under me,  
 Like a golden goblet falling  
 And sinking into the sea.

5

*THE BRIDGE.*

29

And far in the hazy distance  
Of that lovely night in June, 10  
The blaze of the flaming furnace  
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long black rafters  
The wavering shadows lay,  
And the current that came from the ocean 15  
Seemed to lift and bear them away,

As, sweeping and eddying through them,  
Rose the belated tide,  
And, streaming into the moonlight,  
The seaweed floated wide. 20

And like those waters rushing  
Among the wooden piers,  
A flood of thoughts came o'er me  
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh how often, 25  
In the days that had gone by,  
I had stood on that bridge at midnight  
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh how often,  
I had wished that the ebbing tide 30  
Would bear me away on its bosom  
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,  
And my life was full of care,  
And the burden laid upon me  
Seemed greater than I could bear.

35

But now it has fallen from me,  
It is buried in the sea ;  
And only the sorrow of others  
Throws its shadow over me.

40

Yet whenever I cross the river  
On its bridge with wooden piers,  
Like the odor of brine from the ocean  
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands  
Of care-encumbered men,  
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,  
Have crossed the bridge since then.

45

I see the long procession  
Still passing to and fro,  
The young heart hot and restless,  
And the old subdued and slow !

50

And forever and forever,  
As long as the river flows,  
As long as the heart has passions,  
As long as life has woes,

55

*A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.*

31

The moon and its broken reflection  
And its shadows shall appear,  
As the symbol of love in heaven,  
And its wavering image here.

60

---

*A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.*

---

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,  
Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide,  
Like footprints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town,  
There the green lane descends,  
Through which I walked to church with thee.  
O gentlest of my friends!

10

The shadow of the hidden-trees  
Lay moving on the grass;  
Between them and the moving boughs,  
A shadow, thou did'st pass.

15

Thy dress was like the lilies,  
 And thy heart as pure as they :  
 One of God's holy messengers  
 Did walk with me that day.

20

I saw the branches of the trees  
 Bend down thy touch to meet,  
 The clover-blossoms in the grass  
 Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
 Of earth and folly born!"  
 Solemnly sang the village choir  
 On that sweet Sabbath morn.

25

Through the closed blinds the golden sun  
 Poured in a dusty beam,  
 Like the celestial ladder seen  
 By Jacob in his dream.

30

And ever and anon, the wind,  
 Sweet-scented with the hay,  
 Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves :  
 That on the window lay.

35

Long was the good man's sermon,  
 Yet it seemed not so to me ;  
 For he spake of Ruth the beautiful  
 And still I thought of thee.

40

Long was the prayer he uttered,  
Yet it seemed not so to me;  
For in my heart I prayed with him,  
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas! the place seems changed;  
Thou art no longer here;  
Part of the sunshine of the scene  
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,  
Like pine-trees dark and high,  
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe  
A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the past,  
As when the sun, concealed  
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,  
Shines on a distant field.



LE GRAND-PHÉ, NOVA SCOTIA

## EVANGELINE.

## A TALE OF ACADIE.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines  
and the hemlocks,

Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct  
in the twilight,

Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and  
prophetic,

Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on  
their bosoms,

Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced  
neighboring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the  
wall of the forest.

This is the forest primeval: but where are the  
hearts that beneath it

Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the wood-  
land the voice of the huntsman?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of  
Acadian farmers,—

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water  
the woodlands,

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an  
image of heaven?



Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers  
forever departed!

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty  
blasts of October

Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle  
them far o'er the ocean.

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful vil- 15  
lage of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and en-  
dures, and is patient,

Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of  
woman's devotion,

List to the mournful tradition, still sung by the  
pines of the forest;

List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the  
happy.

## PART THE FIRST.

### L.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin 20  
of Minas,

Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-  
Pré

Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows  
stretched to the eastward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks  
without number.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised  
with labor incessant.

Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will  
o'er the meadows.

West and south there were fields of flax, and  
orchards and cornfields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and  
away to the northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on  
the mountains

Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their  
station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the  
Acadian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of  
oak and of hemlock,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the  
reign of the Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting

Over the basement below, protected and shaded  
the doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when  
brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes  
on the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and  
in kirtles

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning 40  
the golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles  
within doors

Mingled their sounds with the whirl of the wheels  
and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,  
and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended  
to bless them.

Reverend walked ac among them; and up rose 45  
matrons and maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affec-  
tionate welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and  
serenely the sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon  
from the belfry

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of  
the village

Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of in- 50  
cense ascending,

Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace  
and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian  
farmers,—

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were  
they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the  
vice of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to 55  
their windows;

But their dwellings were open as day and the  
hearts of the owners;

There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived  
in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer  
the Basin of Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of  
Grand-Pré,

Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, direct- 60  
ing his household,

Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride  
of the village.

Stalworth and stately in form was the man of  
seventy winters;

Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered  
with snow-flakes;

White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks  
as brown as the oak-leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen 65  
summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on  
the thorn by the wayside.

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the  
brown shade of her tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that  
feed in the meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers  
at noontide

Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth 70  
was the maiden.

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the  
bell from its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest  
with his hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings  
upon them.

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet  
of beads and her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, 75  
and the ear-rings,

Brought in the olden time from France, and since,  
as an heirloom,

Handed down from mother to child, through long  
generations,

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal  
beauty—

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,  
after confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's ben- 80  
diction upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing  
of exquisite music.

Firmly bullded with rafters of oak, the house  
of the farmer

Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea :  
and a shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodblue  
wreathing around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; 85  
and a footpath

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in  
the meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by  
a penthouse,

Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by  
the roadside,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image  
of Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the 90  
well, with its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough  
for the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north,  
were the barns and the farm-yard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the an-  
tique ploughs and the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in  
his feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, 95  
with the selfsame

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent  
Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a  
village. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch;  
and a staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous  
corn-loft.

There, too, the dove-cot stood, with its meek and 100  
innocent inmates

Murmuring ever of love; while above in the  
variant breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang  
of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the  
farmer of Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline gov-  
erned his household.

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and 105  
opened his missal,

Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deep-  
est devotion;

Happy was he who might touch her hand or the  
hem of her garment!

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness  
befriended.

And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound  
of her footsteps,

Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the 110  
knocker of iron.

Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the  
village,

Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance  
as he whispered

Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the  
music,



But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was  
welcome;

Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil, the black- 115  
smith,

Who was a mighty man in the village, and hon-  
ored of all men:

For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages  
and nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by  
the people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from  
earliest childhood

Grew up together as brother and sister; and 120  
Father Felician,

Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had  
taught them their letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the  
church and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the dally les-  
son completed,

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil  
the blacksmith.

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes 125  
to behold him

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as  
a plaything.

Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the  
tire of the cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of  
cinders.

Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gath-  
ering darkness

Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through 130  
every cranny and crevice,

Warm by the forge within, they watched the la-  
boring bellows,

And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired  
in the ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going  
into the chapel.

Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop  
of the eagle,

Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er 135  
the meadow.

Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous  
nests on the rafters,

Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone,  
which the swallow

Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the  
sight of its fledglings;

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of  
the swallow!

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer 140  
were children.

He was a valliant youth, and his face, like the  
face of the morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened  
thought into action,

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes  
of a woman,

"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for  
that was the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their 145  
orchards with apples;

She too would bring to her husband's house de-  
light and abundance,

Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of chil-  
dren.

## II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights  
grow colder and longer,

And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion  
enters.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, 150  
from the ice-bound,

Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical  
islands,

Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the  
winds of September

Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old  
with the angel.

All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.

Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoard- 155  
ed their honey

Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters  
asserted

Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of  
the foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed  
that beautiful season.

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer  
of All-Saints!

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical 160  
light: and the landscape

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of child-  
hood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the rest-  
less heart of the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in  
harmony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks  
in the farm-yards.

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooling 165  
of pigeons,

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love  
and the great sun

Looked with the eye of love through the golden  
vapors around him :

While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet  
and yellow,

Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering  
tree of the forest

Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned 170  
with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection  
and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and  
twilight descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the  
herds to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came and resting their  
necks on each other,

And with their nostrils distended inhaling the 175  
freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful  
heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that  
waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human  
affection,

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating  
flocks from the seaside,

Where was their favorite pasture, Behind them 180  
followed the watch-dog.

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride  
of his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and  
superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the  
stragglers :

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ;  
their protector,

When from the forest at night, through the starry 185  
silence, the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains  
from the marshes,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its  
odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their  
manes and their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and  
ponderous saddles,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with 190  
tassels of crimson,

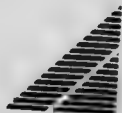
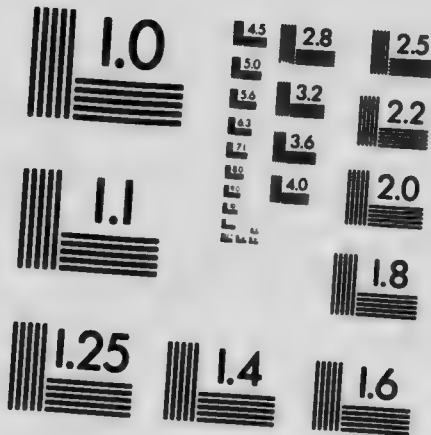
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy  
with blossoms,

Patently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded  
their udders



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Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in  
regular cadence

Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets  
descended.

Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were 195  
heard in the farm-yard.

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into  
stillness:

Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves  
of the barn-doors,

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season  
was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace,  
idly the farmer

Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the 200  
flames and the smoke-wreaths

Struggled together like foes in a burning city.

Behind him,

Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gest-  
ures fantastic,

Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away  
into darkness.

Faces clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his  
arm-chair

Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter 205  
plates on the dresser

Caught and reflected the flame, as shield of  
armies the sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols  
of Christmas,

Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers  
before him

Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Bur-  
gundian vineyards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evange- 210  
line seated,

Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the cor-  
ner behind her.

Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its  
diligent shuttle,

While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the  
drone of a bagpipe,

Followed the old man's song, and united the frag-  
ments together.

As in a church, when the chant of the choir at 215  
intervals ceases,

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the  
priest at the altar,

So, in each pause of the song, with measured mo-  
tion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard,  
and, suddenly lifted,

Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung  
back on its hinges,

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was 220  
Basil the blacksmith,

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who  
was with him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their foot-  
steps paused on the threshold,

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy  
place on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty  
without thee:

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the 225  
box of tobacco:

Never so much thyself art thou as when through  
the curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and  
jovial face gleams

Round and red as the harvest-moon through the  
mist of the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered  
Basil the blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the 230  
fireside:—

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest  
and thy ballad!

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others  
are filled with  
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin be-  
fore them.  
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked  
up a horseshoe."  
Pausing a moment to take the pipe that Evange- 235  
line brought him,  
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he  
slowly continued:—  
"Four days now are passed since the English ships  
at their anchors  
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon  
pointed against us.  
What their design may be is unknown: but all  
are commanded  
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his 240  
Majesty's mandate  
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in  
the mean time  
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the  
people."  
Then made answer the farmer: "Perhaps some  
friendlier purpose  
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the  
harvests in England

By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been 245  
blighted.

And from our bursting barns they would feed  
their cattle and children."

"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said,  
warmly, the blacksmith,

Shaking his head, as in doubt: then, heaving a  
sigh, he continued:—

"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour,  
nor Port Royal.

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on 250  
its outskirts,

Waiting with anxious heart the dubious fate of  
to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike  
weapons of all kinds:

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and  
the scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the  
jovial farmer:—

"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our 255  
flocks and our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the  
ocean,

Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the ene-  
my's cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no  
shadow of sorrow  
Fall on this house and hearth: for this is the  
night of the contract.  
Built are the house and the barn. The merry 260  
buds of the village  
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking  
the glebe round about them,  
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food  
for a twelvemonth.  
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers  
and inkhorn.  
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the  
joy of our children?"  
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand 265  
in her lover's,  
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her  
father had spoken,  
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary  
entered.

## III.

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf  
of the ocean,  
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the  
notary public;

LONGFELLOW.

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken flows of the 270  
maize, hung

Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and  
glasses with horn bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom  
supernal.

Father of twenty children was he, and more than  
a hundred

Children's children rode on his knee, and heard  
his great watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had he 275  
languished a captive,

Suffering much in an old French fort as the  
friend of the English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or  
suspicion,

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient and simple,  
and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the  
children;

For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the 280  
forest,

And of the goblin that came in the night to water  
the horses,

And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child  
who unchristened

Died and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children :

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,

And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up 285  
in a nutshell,

And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,

With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village,

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and, slowly extending his right hand,

"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard 290  
the talk in the village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."

Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public:—

"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;

And what their errand may be I know not better than others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil 295  
intention



Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why  
then molest us?"

"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat  
irascible blacksmith;

"Must we in all things look for the how, and the  
why, and the wherefore?"

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of  
the strongest!"

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the 300  
notary public:—

"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally jus-  
tice

Triumphs; and well! I remember a story, that  
often consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at  
Port Royal."

This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved  
to repeat it

When his neighbors complained that an, 'Justice 305  
was done them.

"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer  
remember,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of  
Justice

Stood in the public square, upholding the scales  
in its left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided  
 Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and 310  
 homes of the people.  
 Even the birds had built their nests in the scales  
 of the balance,  
 Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the  
 sunshine above them.  
 But in the course of time the laws of the land  
 were corrupted;  
 Might took the place of right, and the weak were  
 oppressed, and the mighty  
 Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a 315  
 nobleman's palace  
 That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long  
 a suspicion  
 Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the  
 household.  
 She, after form of trial condemned to die on the  
 scaffold,  
 Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue  
 of Justice.  
 As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit 320  
 ascended,  
 Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of  
 the thunder

Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath  
from its left hand  
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales  
of the balance,  
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of  
a magpie,  
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls 325  
was inwoven."

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was  
ended, the blacksmith  
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but find-  
eth no language;  
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his  
face, as the vapors  
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes  
in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the 330  
table,  
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with  
home-brewed  
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in  
the village of Grand-Pré;  
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers  
and inkhorn,  
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of  
the parties,

Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep 335  
and in cattle.

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well  
were completed.

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun  
on the margin.

Then from his leather pouch the farmer threw  
on the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of  
silver;

And the notary, rising, and blessing the bride 340  
and the bridegroom,

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their  
welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed  
and departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the  
fireside,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of  
its corner.

Soon was the game begun In friendly contention 345  
the gentlemen

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful ma-  
neuvre,

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach  
was made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of the  
window's embrasure,  
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding  
the moon rise  
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mists of the 350  
meadows.  
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of  
heaven,  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of  
the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell  
from the belfry  
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and  
straightway  
Rose the guests and departed ; and silence reigned 355  
in the household.  
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on  
the doorstep  
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it  
with gladness.  
Carefully then were covered the embers that  
glowed on the hearth-stone.  
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the  
farmer.  
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evange- 360  
line followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the  
darkness,  
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of  
the maiden.  
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered  
the door of her chamber.  
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of  
white, and its clothes-press  
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were 365  
carefully folded  
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evange-  
line woven.  
This was the precious dower she would bring to  
her husband in marriage,  
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her  
skill as a housewife.  
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow  
and radiant moonlight  
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the 370  
room till the heart of the maiden  
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous  
tides of the ocean.  
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as  
she stood with  
Naked, snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of  
her chamber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of  
the orchard.

Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of 375  
her lamp and her shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a  
feeling of sadness

Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds  
in the moonlight

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room  
for a moment.

And, as she gazed from the window, she saw se-  
renely the moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star 380  
follow her footsteps,

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wan-  
dered with Hagar!

## IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village  
of Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the  
Basin of Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows,  
were riding at anchor

Life had long been astir in the village, and clam- 385  
orous labor

Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden  
gates of the morning.  
Now from the country around, from the farms  
and neighboring hamlets,  
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian  
peasants.  
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from  
the young folk  
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the 300  
numerous meadows,  
Where no path could be seen but the track of  
wheels in the greensward,  
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed  
on the highway.  
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor  
were silenced.  
Thronged were the streets with people: and noisy  
groups at the house-doors  
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped 305  
together.  
Every house was an inn, where all were wel-  
comed and feasted;  
For with this simple people, who lived like broth-  
ers together,  
All things were held in common, and what one  
had was another's.



Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed  
more abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her 400  
father;

Bright was her face with smiles, and words of  
welcome and gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup  
as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the  
orchard,

Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast  
of betrothal.

There in the shade of the porch were the priest 405  
and the notary seated;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the  
blacksmith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-  
press and the beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of  
hearts and waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately  
played on his snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face 410  
of the fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are  
blown from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of  
his fiddle,

*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon*  
*de Dunquerque*,

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to  
the music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the diz- 415  
zying dances

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the  
meadows;

Old folk and young folk together, and children  
mingled among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Bene-  
dict's daughter!

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the  
blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a 420  
summons sonorous

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the  
meadows a drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. With-  
out, in the churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves,  
and hung on the headstones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh  
from the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and march- 425  
ing proudly among them  
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dis-  
sonant clangor  
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from cell-  
ing and casement,—  
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous  
portal  
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will  
of the soldiers.  
Then uprose their commander, and spake from 430  
the steps of the altar,  
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the  
royal commission.  
“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his  
Majesty’s orders.  
Clement and kind has he been; but how you  
have answered his kindness,  
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural  
make and my temper  
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know 435  
mu t be grievous.  
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of  
our monarch;  
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and  
cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province  
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there  
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable 440  
people!  
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"  
Ah, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,  
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the ballstones  
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,  
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with 445  
thatch from the house-roofs,  
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures,  
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.  
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose  
Louder and ever louder a wall of sorrow and anger,  
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed 450  
to the doorway.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and  
fierce imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er  
the heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil  
the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the  
billows,

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; 455  
and wildly he shouted:—

“Down with the tyrants of England! we never  
have sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our  
homes and our harvests!”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless  
hand of a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him  
down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry 460  
contention,

Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father  
Felician

Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps  
of the altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he  
awed into silence

All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to  
his people;

Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents meas- 465  
ured and mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinct-  
ly the clock strikes:—

"What is this that ye do, my children? what  
madness has seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you,  
and taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one an-  
other!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and 470  
prayers and privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and  
forgiveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and  
would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing  
with hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is  
gazing upon you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and 475  
holy compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O  
Father, forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the  
wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive  
them!'"

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the  
hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobb of contrition succeeded the 480  
passionate outbreak,

While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O  
Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers  
gleamed from the altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and  
the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and  
the Ave Maria

Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their 485  
souls, with devotion translated,

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascend-  
ing to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings  
of ill, and on all sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the  
women and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with  
her right hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, 400  
that, descending,

Lighted the village street with mysterious splen-  
dor, and roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and em-  
blazoned its windows,

Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth  
on the table :

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey  
fragrant with wild-flowers :

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese 405  
fresh brought from the dairy,

And, at the head of the board, the great arm-  
chair of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door,  
as the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad  
ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had  
fallen,

And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celes- 500  
tial ascended,—

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgive-  
ness, and patience!

Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the  
village,



Cheering with looks and words the mournful  
    hearts of the women,  
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps  
    they departed,  
Urged by their household cares, and the weary 505  
    feet of their children.  
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glim-  
    mering vapors  
Velled the light of his face, like the Prophet de-  
    scending from Sinai.  
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus  
    sounded.  
  
Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church  
    Evangeline lingered.  
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and 510  
    the windows  
Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome  
    by emotion,  
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice;  
    but no answer  
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloom-  
    ier grave of the living.  
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless  
    house of her father.  
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board 515  
    was the supper untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted  
with phantoms of terror.  
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor  
of her chamber.  
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate  
rain fall  
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree  
by the window.  
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of 520  
the echoing thunder  
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed  
the world he created!  
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of  
the justice of Heaven;  
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully  
slumbered till morning.

## v.

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now  
on the fifth day  
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of 525  
the farmhouse.  
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful  
procession,  
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the  
Acadian women,

Driving in ponderous wains their household goods  
to the seashore.

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on  
their dwellings,

Ere they were shut from sight by the winding 530  
road and the woodland.

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged  
on the oxen,

While in their little hands they clasped some  
fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried;  
and there on the sea-beach

Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the  
peasants.

All day long between the shore and the ships did 535  
the boats ply;

All day long the wains came laboring down from  
the village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to  
his setting.

Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums  
from the churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a  
sudden the church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching 540  
in gloomy procession

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,

No with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended

Down from the church to the shore, amid their 545 wives and their daughters.

Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—

“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!

Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!”

Then the old men, as they marched, and the 550 women that stood by the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,

Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of  
affliction,—

Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession 555  
approached her,

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with  
emotion.

Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running  
to meet him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his  
shoulder, and whispered:—

"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one  
another

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mis- 560  
chances may happen!"

Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly  
paused, for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed  
was his aspect!

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire  
from his eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy  
heart in his bosom.

But, with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck 565  
and embraced him,

Speaking words of endearment where words of  
comfort availed not,

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that  
mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and  
stir of embarking.

Busily piled the freighted boats; and in the con-  
fusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and moth- 570  
ers, too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wild-  
est entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel  
carried.

While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood  
with her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went  
down and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the 575  
refluent ocean

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of  
the sand-beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the  
slippery sea-weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods  
and the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,

All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels 580  
near them.

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian  
farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bel-  
lowing ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles,  
and leaving

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats  
of the sailors.

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned 585  
from their pastures;

Sweet was the moist, still air with the odor of  
milk from their udders;

Lowling they waited, and long, at the well-known  
bars of the farm-yard,—

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the  
hand of the milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church  
no Angelus sounded,

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no 590  
lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires  
had been kindled,

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from  
wrecks in the tempest,

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces  
were gathered,  
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the  
crying of children.  
Onward from fire to fire, and from hearth to hearth 595  
in his parish,  
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing  
and cheering.  
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate  
seashore.  
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline  
sat with her father,  
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the  
old man,  
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either 600  
thought or emotion,  
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands  
have been taken.  
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses  
to cheer him,  
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he  
looked on and spake not,  
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flicker-  
ing fire-light.  
"Benedicite!" murmured the priest, in tones of 605  
compassion.



More he fain would have said, but his heart was  
full, and his accents  
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a  
child on a threshing,  
Flushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful  
presence of sorrow.  
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head  
of the maiden,  
Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that 610  
above them  
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs  
and sorrows of mortals.  
Then he sat down at her side, and they wept to-  
gether in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in au-  
tumn the blood-red  
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er  
the horizon  
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon moun- 615  
tain and meadow,  
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge  
shadows together.  
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs  
of the village,  
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships  
that lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke arose, and flashes of  
flame were  
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like 620  
the quivering hands of a martyr.  
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burn-  
ing thatch, and uplifting  
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from  
a hundred house-tops  
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame  
intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on  
the shore and on shipboard.  
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in 625  
their anguish:—  
“We shall behold no more our homes in the village  
of Grand-Pré!”  
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the  
farm-yards,  
Thinking the day had dawned: and anon the low-  
ing of cattle  
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of  
dogs interrupted.  
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the 630  
sleeping encampments  
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt  
the Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with  
the speed of the whirlwind,  
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to  
the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as  
the herds and the horses  
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly  
rushed o'er the meadows,

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the  
priest and the maiden  
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and  
widened before them;  
And as they turned at length to speak to their  
silent companion,  
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched  
abroad on the sea-shore  
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had  
departed.  
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and  
the maiden  
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her  
terror.  
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head  
on his bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious  
slumber :

And when she woke from the trance, she beheld 645  
a multitude near her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mourn-  
fully gazing upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest  
compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the  
landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the  
faces around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her waver- 650  
ing senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the  
people :—

“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a hap-  
pier season

Brings us again to our homes from the unknown  
land of our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the  
churchyard.”

Such were the words of the priest. And there in 655  
haste by the sea-side,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral  
torches,

But without bell or book, they buried the farmer  
of Grand-Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service  
of sorrow,

Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a  
vast congregation,

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar *OH!*  
with the dirges.

'T was the returning tide, that afar from the  
waste of the ocean,

With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and  
hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise  
of embarking;

And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out  
of the harbor,

Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and *665*  
the village in ruins.



MOUTH OF THE GASPEREAU, PLACE OF DEPARTURE OF  
THE ACADIANS.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning  
of Grand-Pré,  
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels de-  
parted,  
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into  
exile,  
Exile without an end, and without an example in  
story.  
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians 670  
landed ;  
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the  
wind from the north-east

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the  
Banks of Newfoundland.  
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered  
from city to city,  
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry South-  
ern savannas,—  
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands 675  
where the Father of Waters  
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them  
down to the ocean,  
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of  
the mammoth.  
Friends they sought and homes; and many, de-  
spairing, heart-broken,  
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a  
friend nor a fireside.  
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in 680  
the churchyards.  
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited  
and wandered,  
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering  
all things.  
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her  
extended,  
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with  
its pathway

Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed 685  
and suffered before her,

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead  
and abandoned,

As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is  
marked by

Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach  
! the sunshine.

Someth g there was in her life incomplete, im-  
perfect, unfinished :

As if a morning of June, with all its music and 690  
sunshine,

Suddenly paused in the sky, and fading, slowly  
descended

Into the east again, from whence it late had  
arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by  
the fever within her,

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst  
of the spirit,

She would commence again her endless search 695  
and endeavor ;

Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on  
the crosses and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave and thought that per-  
haps in its bosom



He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber  
beside him,

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate  
whisper,

Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her 700  
forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her  
beloved and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said they. "Oh, yes! we  
have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have  
gone to the prairies;

*Coueurs-des-Bois* are they, and famous hunters 705  
and trappers."

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others. "Oh, yes! we  
have seen him.

He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream  
and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel?  
others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits 710  
as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who  
has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand  
and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's  
tresses."

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,  
"I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my 715  
hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and  
illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden  
in darkness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,

Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus  
speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was 720  
wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters  
returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them  
full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again  
to the fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy  
work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike. 725  
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,  
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"  
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.  
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,  
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that 730  
whispered, "Despair not!"  
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,  
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.  
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—  
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;  
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course 735  
through the valley:  
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water  
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan  
glooms that conceal it,  
Though he behold it not he can hear its continu-  
ous murmur ;  
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it 740  
reaches an outlet.

## II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beauti-  
ful River,  
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the  
Wabash,  
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift  
Mississippi,  
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Aca-  
dian boatmen.  
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were from 745  
the shipwrecked  
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating to-  
gether,  
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a  
common misfortune ;  
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope  
or by hearsay,  
Sought for their kith and their kin among the  
few-acred farmers

On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair 750  
Opelousas.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the  
Father Felician.

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness  
sombre with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent  
river;

Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped  
on its borders.

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, 755  
where plumelike

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they  
swept with the current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery  
sand-bars

Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves  
of their margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of  
pelicans waded.

Level the landscape grew, and along the shores 760  
of the river,

Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant  
gardens,

Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins  
and dove-cots.

•

They were approaching the region where reigns  
perpetual summer,  
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of  
orange and citron,  
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the 765  
eastward.  
They, too, swerved from their course: and, enter-  
ing the Bayou of Plaquemine,  
Soon were lost in the maze of sluggish and devious  
waters,  
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every  
direction.  
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous  
boughs of the cypress  
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid- 770  
air  
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of  
ancient cathedrals.  
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save  
by the herons  
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning  
at sunset,  
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with de-  
moniac laughter.  
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and 775  
gleamed on the water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,  
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as  
through chinks in a ruin.  
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all  
things around them :  
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—  
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed. 780  
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of  
the prairies,  
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,  
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings  
of evil,  
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of  
doom has attained it.  
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, 785  
that faintly  
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on  
through the moonlight.  
It was the thought of her brain that assumed  
the shape of a phantom.  
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her.

And every stroke of the oar now brought him  
nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, 790  
rose one of the oarsmen,

And, as a signal sound, if others like them perad-  
venture

Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams,  
blew a blast on his bugle.

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors  
leafy the blast rang,

Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to  
the forest.

Soundless above them the banners of moss just 795  
stirred to the music.

Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the dis-  
tance,

Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant  
branches ;

But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the  
darkness ;

And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of  
pain was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed 800  
through the midnight,

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian  
boat-songs,



Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian  
rivers,

While through the night were heard the mysterious  
sounds of the desert,

Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the  
forest,

Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar 805  
of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the  
shades; and before them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atcha-  
falaya.

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight un-  
dulations

Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in  
beauty, the lotus

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the 810  
boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of  
magnolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan  
islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming  
hedges of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to  
slumber.

Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were 815  
suspended.

Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew  
by the margin,

Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about  
on the greensward,

Tired with their midnight toll, the weary travel-  
lers slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a  
cedar.

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower 820  
and the grape-vine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of  
Jacob,

On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending,  
descending,

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from  
blossom to blossom.

So it was the vision Evangeline saw as she slum-  
bered beneath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of 825  
an opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions  
celestial.

Nearer, and ever nearer, among the numberless  
islands,

Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er  
the water,

Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters  
and trappers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the 830  
bison and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance  
thoughtful and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow,  
and a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was leg-  
ibly written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, un-  
happy and restless,

Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and 835  
of sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of  
the island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of  
palmettos,

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay con-  
cealed in the willows;

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and un-  
seen, were the sleepers.

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slum- 840  
bering maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud  
on the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had  
died in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and  
the maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father  
Feliclan:

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel 845  
wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to  
my spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my  
credulous fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no  
meaning."

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled 850  
as he answered:—

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they  
to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats  
on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the  
anchor is hidden.

Therefore, trust to thy heart, and to what the  
world calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to 855  
the southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St.  
Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given  
again to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and  
his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests  
of fruit-trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest 800  
of heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls  
of the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of  
Louisiana!"

With these words of cheer they arose and con-  
tinued their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the west-  
ern horizon

Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er 865  
the landscape;

Twinkling vapors arose: and sky and water and  
forest

Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and  
mingled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of  
silver,

Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the  
motionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible 870  
sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains  
of feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and  
waters around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird,  
wildest of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er  
the water,

Shook from his little throat such floods of deliri- 875  
ous music,

That the whole air and the woods and the waves  
seemed silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then  
souring to madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of fren-  
zied Bacchantes.

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low  
lamentation;

Till, having gathered them all, he flung them 880  
abroad in derision,  
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through  
the tree-tops  
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower  
on the branches.  
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that  
throbbed with emotion,  
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows  
through the green Opelousas,  
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the 885  
woodland,  
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neigh-  
boring dwelling;—  
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant  
lowing of cattle.

## III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by  
oaks, from whose branches  
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe  
flaunted,  
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets 890  
at Yule-tide,  
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herds-  
man. A garden

Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant  
blossoms,  
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself  
was of timbers  
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted  
together.  
Large and low was the roof; and on slender col- 895  
umns supported,  
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spa-  
cious veranda,  
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended  
around it.  
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the  
garden,  
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual  
symbol,  
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions 900  
of rivals.  
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow  
and sunshine  
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house it-  
self was in shadow,  
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly  
expanding  
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke  
rose.



In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, 905  
ran a pathway  
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of  
the limitless prairie,  
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly  
descending.  
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy  
canvas  
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless  
calm in the tropics,  
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of 910  
grape-vines.  
Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf  
of the prairie,  
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle  
and stirrups,  
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet  
of deerskin.  
Broad and brown was the face that from under  
the Spanish sombrero  
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look 915  
of its master.  
Round about him were numberless herds of kine,  
that were grazing  
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory  
freshness

That uprose from the river, and spread itself over  
the landscape.  
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and  
expanding  
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that 920  
resounded  
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still, damp  
air of the evening.  
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of  
the cattle  
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents  
of ocean.  
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed  
o'er the prairie,  
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in 925  
the distance.  
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house,  
through the gate of the garden  
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden  
advancing to meet him.  
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in  
amazement, and forward  
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of  
wonder ;  
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil 930  
the blacksmith,

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to  
the garden.

There in an arbor of roses with endless question  
and answer

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their  
friendly embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent  
and thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark 935  
doubts and misgivings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, some-  
what embarrassed,

Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the  
Atchafalaya,

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's  
boat on the bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a  
shade passed.

Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a 940  
tremulous accent,

"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face  
on his shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she  
wept and lamented.

Then the good Basil said—and his voice grew  
blithe as he said it—

"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he  
departed.

Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds 945  
and my horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled,  
his spirit

'ould no longer endure the calm of this quiet ex-  
istence.

Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful  
ever,

Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his trou-  
bles,

He at length had become so tedious to men and 950  
to maidens,

Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me,  
and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with  
the Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the  
Ozark Mountains,

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trap-  
ping the beaver.

Therefore, be of good cheer; we will follow the 955  
fugitive lover;

He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the  
streams are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew  
of the morning  
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to  
his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the  
banks of the river,  
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael 960  
the fiddler.  
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god  
on Olympus,  
Having no other care than dispensing music to  
mortals.  
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his  
fiddle.  
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Aca-  
dian minstrel!"  
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; 965  
and straightway  
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greet-  
ing the old man  
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while  
Basil, enraptured,  
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions  
and gossips,  
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers  
and daughters.

Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci- 970  
devant blacksmith,

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal  
demeanor;

Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil  
and the climate,

And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were  
his who would take them;

Each one thought in his heart that he, too,  
would go and do likewise.

Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the 975  
breezy veranda,

Entered the hall of the house, where already the  
supper of Basil

waited his late return; and they rested and  
feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness  
descended.

All was silent without, and, illuming the land-  
scape with silver,

Fair rose the dewy morn and the myriad stars; 980  
but within doors,

Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends  
in the glimmering lamplight.

Then from his station aloft, at the head of the  
table, the herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in  
endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet  
Natchitoches tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and 985  
smiled as they listened:—

“Welcome once more, my friends, who long have  
been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better  
perchance than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the  
rivers;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the  
farmer.

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, 990  
as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom;  
and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian  
summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and un-  
claimed in the prairies;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and  
forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and 995  
framed into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are  
yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you  
away from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing  
your farms and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud  
from his nostrils,

While his huge, brown hand came thundering down  
down on the table,

So that the guests all started; and Father Fel-  
lican, astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way  
to his nostrils,

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words  
were milder and gayer;—

"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware  
of the fever!

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian  
mate,

Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's  
neck in a nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and  
footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the  
breezy veranda.



It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,  
Who had been summoned all to the house of 1010  
Basil the Herdsman.  
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and  
neighbors:  
Friend clasped friend in his arms: and they who  
before were as strangers,  
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends  
to each other,  
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country  
together.  
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, 1015  
proceeding  
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,  
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,  
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves  
to the maddening  
Whirl of the giddy dance, as it swept and  
swayed to the music,  
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of 1020  
fluttering garments.  
  
Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the  
priest and the herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and  
future;

While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for  
within her

Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of  
the music

Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irre- 1025  
pressible sadness

Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth  
into the garden.

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall  
of the forest,

Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.  
On the river

Fell here and there through the branches a  
tremulous gleam of the moonlight.

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened 1030  
and devious spirit.

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers  
of the garden

Poured out their souls in odors, that were their  
prayers and confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent  
Carthusian.

Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with  
shadows and night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and 1035  
the magical moonlight  
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable  
longings,

s, through the garden gate, and beneath the  
shade of the oak-trees,  
Traced she along the path to the edge of the  
careless prairie.

Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and  
fire-flies

Gleaned and floated away in mingled and in- 1040  
finite numbers.

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in  
the heavens,

Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to  
marvel and worship,

Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls  
of that temple.

As if a hand had appeared and written upon  
them, "Upharsin."

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars 1045  
and the fire-flies,

Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O  
my beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot be-  
hold thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does  
not reach me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to  
the prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the 1050  
woodlands around me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from  
labor,

Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of  
me in thy slumbers!

When shall those eyes behold, these arms be  
folded about thee?"

Low and sudden and near the notes of the whip-  
poorwill sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the 1055  
neighboring thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped  
into silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular  
caverns of darkness:

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sign responded  
"To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day: and all the  
flowers of the garden

Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and 1060  
anointed his tresses

With the delicious balm that they bore in their  
vases of crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the  
shadowy threshold ;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his  
fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the  
bridegroom was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, 1065  
with Basil descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen al-  
ready were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and  
sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was  
speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over  
the desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that 1070  
succeeded,

Found they the trace of his course, in lake or  
forest or river,

Nor, after many days, had they found him ; but  
vague and uncertain

Rumors alone were their guides through a wild  
and desolate country ;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of  
Adayes,  
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned 1075  
from the garrulous landlord,  
That on the day before, with horses and guides  
and companions,  
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the  
prairies.

## IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where  
the mountains  
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and  
luminous summits.  
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where 1080  
the gorge, like a gateway,  
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emi-  
grant's wagon,  
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway  
and Owyhee.  
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-  
river Mountains,  
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate  
leaps the Nebraska :  
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and 1085  
the Spanish sierras,

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the  
wind of the desert,

Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, de-  
scend to the ocean,

Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and sol-  
emn vibrations,

Spreading between these streams are the won-  
drous, beautiful prairies,

Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow 1090  
and sunshine,

Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and  
purple amorphas,

Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the  
elk and the roebuck;

Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of  
riderless horses;

Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are  
weary with travel;

Over them wander the scattered tribes of 1095  
Ishmael's children,

Staining the desert with blood; and above their  
terrible war-trails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the  
vulture,

Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaugh-  
tered in battle,

By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the  
heavens,

Here and there rise smokes from the camps of 1100  
these savage marauders;

Here and there rise groves from the margins of  
swift-running rivers;

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk  
of the desert,

Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots  
by the brook-side,

And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline  
heaven,

Like the protecting hand of God inverted above 1105  
them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the  
Czark Mountains,

Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trap-  
pers behind him.

Day after day, with their Indian guides, the  
maiden and Basil

Followed his flying steps, and thought each day  
to o'ertake him.

Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the 1110  
smoke of his camp-fire

Rise in the morning air from the distant plain;  
but at nightfall,



When they had reached the place, they found  
only embers and ashes.

And, though their hearts were sad at times and  
their bodies were weary.

Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata  
Morgana

Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated 1115  
and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there  
silently entered

Into their little camp an Indian woman, whose  
features

Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as  
great as her sorrow.

She was a Shawnee woman returning home to  
her people.

From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel 1120  
Comanches.

Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-  
Bois, had been murdered.

Touched were their hearts at her story, and  
warmest and friendliest welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and  
feasted among them

On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on  
the embers.

But when their meal was done, and Basil and 1125  
all his companions,  
Worn with the long day's march and the chase  
of the deer and the bison,  
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept  
where the quivering fire-light  
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their  
forms wrapped up in their blankets,  
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat  
and repeated  
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of 1130  
her Indian accent,  
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and  
pains, and reverses.  
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know  
that another  
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had  
been disappointed.  
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and  
woman's compassion,  
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had 1135  
suffered was near her.  
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.  
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when  
she had ended  
Still was mute: but at length, as if a mysterious  
horror

Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and 1140  
wedded a maiden,

But, when the morning came, arose and passed  
from the wigwam,

Fading and melting away and dissolving into the  
sunshine,

Till she beheld him no more, though she followed  
far into the forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like  
a weird incantation,

Told she the tale of the fair Lillinau, who was 1145  
wooed by a phantom,

That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge,  
in the hush of the twilight,

Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered  
love to the maiden,

Till she followed his green and waving plume  
through the forest.

And nevermore returned, nor was seen again  
by her people.

Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evan- 1150  
geline listened

To the soft flow of her magical words, till the  
region around her

Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy  
guest the enchantress.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the  
moon rose,

Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious  
splendor

Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and 1155  
filling the woodland

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and  
the branches

Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible  
whispers.

Filled with the thoughts of love was Evange-  
line's heart, but a secret,

Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite  
terror,

As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest 1160  
of the swallow.

It was no earthly fear. A breath from the re-  
gion of spirits

Seemed to float in the air of night: and she felt  
for a moment

That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursu-  
ing a phantom.

With this thought she slept, and the fear and the  
phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was re- 1165  
sumed; and the Shawnee  
Said, as they journeyed along, "On the western  
slope of these mountains  
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief  
of the Mission.  
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of  
Mary and Jesus.  
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with  
pain, as they hear him."  
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evange- 1170  
line answered,  
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings  
await us!"  
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a  
spur of the mountains,  
Just as the sun went down, they heard a mur-  
mur of voices,  
And in the meadow green and broad, by the bank  
of a river,  
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the 1175  
Jesuit Mission.  
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of  
the village,  
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children.  
A crucifix fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed  
by grape-vines,  
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude  
kneeling beneath it.  
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the 1180  
intricate arches  
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their ves-  
pers,  
Mingled its notes with the soft susurrus and  
sighs of the branches.  
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers,  
nearer approaching,  
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the  
evening devotions.  
But when the service was done, and the benedic- 1185  
tion had fallen  
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed  
from the hands of the sower.  
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strang-  
ers, and bade them  
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with  
benignant expression,  
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-  
tongue in the forest,  
And, with words of kindness, conducted them 1190  
into his wigwam.

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on  
cakes of the maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-  
gourd of the teacher.

Soon was their story told; and the priest with  
solemnity answered:—

"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel,  
seated

On this mat by my side, where now the maiden 1195  
reposes,

Told me this same sad tale; then arose and con-  
tinued his journey!"

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake  
with an accent of kindness;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in  
winter the snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds  
have departed.

"Far to the north he has gone," continued the 1200  
priest; "but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the  
Mission."

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek  
and submissive,

"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad  
and afflicted,"

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes  
on the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian 1205  
guides and companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline  
stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded  
each other,—

Days and weeks and months; and the fields of  
maize that were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she  
came, now waving above her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlac- 1210  
ing, and forming

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pil-  
laged by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was  
husked, and the maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened  
a lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief  
in the corn-field.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought 1215  
not her lover.

"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith,  
and thy prayer will be answered!"



Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head  
from the meadow,  
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as  
true as the magnet;  
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of  
God has planted  
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the trav- 1220  
eller's journey  
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of  
the desert.  
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms  
of passion,  
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and  
fuller of fragrance,  
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and  
their odor is deadly.  
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and 1225  
hereafter  
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet  
with the dews of nepenthe."  
  
So came the autumn, and passed, and the win-  
ter,—yet Gabriel came not;  
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of  
the robin and bluebird  
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet  
Gabriel came not.

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor 1230  
was wafted

Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of  
blossom.

Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michi-  
gan forests.

Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Sagl-  
naw River

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes  
of St. Lawrence,

Saying a sad fare well, Evangeline went from the 1235  
Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and perilous  
marches,

She had attained at length the depths of the  
Michigan forests.

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen  
to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in  
seasons and places

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering 1240  
maiden;—

Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian  
Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of  
the army,

Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous  
cities.

Like a phantom she came, and passed away un-  
remembered.

Fair was she and young, when in hope began the 1245  
long journey ;

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment  
it ended.

Each succeeding year stole something away from  
her beauty.

Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom  
and the shadow.

Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of  
gray o'er her forehead.

Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earth- 1250  
ly horizon.

As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of  
the morning.

## v.

IN that delightful land which is washed by the  
Delaware's waters,

Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the  
apostle,

Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the  
city he founded.

There all the air is balm, and the peach is the 1255  
 emblem of beauty.  
 And the streets still reëcho the names of the  
 trees of the forest,  
 As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose  
 haunts they molested.  
 There from the troubled sea had Evangeline  
 landed, an exile.  
 Finding among the children of Penn a home and  
 a country.  
 There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he 1260  
 departed,  
 Saw at his side only one of all his hundred de-  
 scendants.  
 Something at least there was in the friendly  
 streets of the city,  
 Something that spake to her heart, and made her  
 no longer a stranger ;  
 And her ear was pleased with the Thee and  
 Thou of the Quakers.  
 For it recalled the past, the old Acadian coun- 1265  
 try.  
 Where all men were equal, and all were brothers  
 and sisters.  
 So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed  
 endeavor,

Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, un-  
complaining.

Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her  
thoughts and her footsteps.

As from the mountain's top the rainy mists of 1270  
the morning

Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape  
below us,

Sun-illumin'd, with shining rivers and cities and  
hamlets,

So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw  
the world far below her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and  
the pathway

Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and 1275  
fair in the distance.

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart  
was his image,

Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last  
she beheld him,

Only more beautiful made by his death-like si-  
lence and absence.

Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for  
it was not.

Over him years had no power; he was not 1280  
changed, but transfigured;

He had become to her heart as one who is dead,  
and not absent ;  
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to  
others,  
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow  
had taught her.  
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odor-  
ous spices,  
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the ~~1285~~  
air with aroma.  
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to  
follow  
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of  
her Saviour.  
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ;  
frequenting  
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes  
of the city.  
Where distress and want concealed themselves ~~1290~~  
from the sunlight,  
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished  
neglected.  
Night after night, when the world was asleep,  
as the watchman repeated  
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was  
well in the city.

High at some lonely window he saw the light of  
her taper.

Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as 1295  
slow through the suburbs

Piodded the German farmer, with flowers and  
fruits for the market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home  
from its watchings,

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on  
the city.

Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks  
of wild pigeons,

Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught 1300  
in their craws but an acorn,

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month  
of September,

Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a  
lake in the meadow,

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural  
margin,

Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of  
existence,

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to 1305  
charm, the oppressor:

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his  
anger :-

Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends  
nor attendants,  
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the  
homeless,  
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of  
meadows and woodlands;—  
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its 1310  
gateway and wicket  
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls  
seem to echo  
Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye al-  
ways have with you."  
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of  
Mercy. The dying  
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to  
behold there  
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead 1315  
with splendor,  
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints  
and apostles,  
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a  
distance.  
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city  
celestial,  
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits  
would enter.



Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, 1320  
deserted and silent,  
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of  
the almshouse.  
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers  
in the garden;  
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest  
among them,  
That the dying once more might rejoice in their  
fragrance and beauty.  
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, 1325  
cooled by the east-wind,  
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from  
the belfry of Christ Church,  
While, intermingled with these, across the  
meadows were wafted  
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes  
in their church at Wicaco.  
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the  
hour on her spirit:  
Something within her said, "At length thy trials 1330  
are ended";  
And, with light in her looks, she entered the  
chambers of sickness  
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful  
attendants,

Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow,  
and in silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces.

Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of 1335  
snow by the roadside.

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,

Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she  
passed, for her presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the  
walls of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death,  
the consoler,

Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed 1340  
it forever.

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the  
night time;

Vacant their places were, or filled already by  
strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of  
wonder,

Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart,  
while a shudder

Ran through her frame, and forgotten, the 1345  
flowers dropped from her fingers.

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and  
bloom of the morning.  
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such  
terrible anguish.  
That the dying heard it, and started up from  
their pillows.  
On the pallet before her was stretched the form  
of an old man.  
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that 1350  
shaded his temples;  
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a  
moment  
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its  
earlier manhood:  
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who  
are dying.  
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of  
the fever,  
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had be- 1355  
sprinkled its portals.  
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and  
pass over.  
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his  
spirit exhausted  
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite  
depths in the darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking  
and sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multi- 1360  
plied reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush  
that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and  
saint-like,

"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into  
silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home  
of his childhood;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers 1365  
among them,

Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and,  
walking under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in  
his vision.

Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted  
his eyelids,

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt  
by his bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the 1370  
accents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what  
his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling  
beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her  
bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly  
sank into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind 1375  
at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and  
the sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied  
longing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of  
patience!

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head  
to her bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, 1380  
"Father, I thank thee!"

---

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away  
from its shadow,

Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers  
are sleeping.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic  
churchyard,

In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and  
unnoticed,

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing be- 1385  
side them,

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are  
at rest and forever,

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no  
longer are busy,

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have  
ceased from their labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have  
completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the 1390  
shade of its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and  
language,

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty  
Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers  
from exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its  
bosom,

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom 1395  
are still busy;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their  
kirtles of homespun,

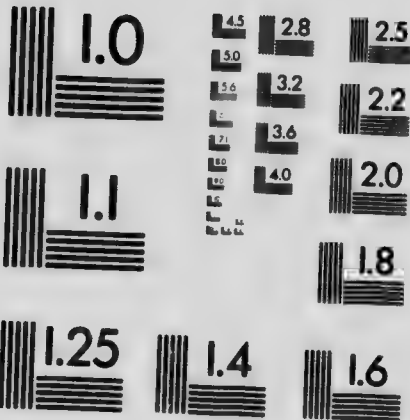
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,

While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced  
neighboring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the  
wall of the forest.



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NOTES.



## NOTES ON WORDSWORTH.

### THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER.

**Composition and publication.** After a year at Alfoxden in the neighbourhood of Coleridge, the two poets and Dorothy Wordsworth set out, Sept. 16th, 1798, for Germany. (See Introd.) While Coleridge went on to Ratzeburg to absorb German language, philosophy, and life, the Wordsworths buried themselves in Goslar, on the edge of the Hartz Forest. Wordsworth got little pleasure from German society or literature or climate—the winter was terribly severe—but driven back upon himself, the impulse from his Alfoxden life prompted him to one of the most productive periods of his life. In Goslar he wrote *Nutting*, *The Poet's Epitaph*, *The Fountain*, *Two April Mornings*, *Ruth*, began *The Prelude*, and composed (1799) the various *Lucy* poems. These last are the lyrics beginning:—

- (i.) Strange fits of passion have I known.
- (ii.) She dwelt among the untrodden ways.
- (iii.) I travelled among unknown men.
- (iv.) Three years she grew in sun and shower.
- (v.) A slumber did my spirit seal.

They form an interesting group of poems of ideal love, and should be read in connection with one another.

The *Lucy* poems were first published in the new enlarged ed. of the *Lyrical Ballads*, London, 1800, and reprinted 1802, 1805, etc. The variations in the text are of the slightest.

**The subject of the poems of *Lucy*.** "The Goslar poems include those addressed to *Lucy*. Some have supposed that there was an actual *Lucy*, known to

Wordsworth in Yorkshire, 'about the springs of Dove,' to whom he was attached, who died early, and whose love and beauty he commemorates in these five memorial poems. There is no doubt that the intensity of the lines, the allusion to the spinning wheel, to the 'violet by the mossy stone half hidden from the eye,' to the 'bowers where Lucy played,' to the 'heath, the calm, and quiet scene,' all suggest a real person. We only wish there were evidence that it had been so. But there is no such evidence."—*Knight*, ix. 187.

The Baroness von Stockhausen, nevertheless, has written a tale called *Veilchenduft* (Violet-fragrance), which weaves about Wordsworth the incidents suggested in the *Lucy* poems.

**Critical comments.** Coleridge recognized the beauty of the poem with ungrudging admiration. "I would rather have written *Ruth*, and *Nature's Lady* [*Three Years*, etc.]," he told Sir H. Davy (Oct. 9, 1800), "than a million such poems [as *Christabel*]." W. A. Heard says of it: "Nature speaks to our minds, but her sounds and music also affect body as well as soul. Wordsworth does not separate the physical and spiritual; nothing is solely physical in its effect, everything has a spiritual result. This combination of physical and spiritual teaching in nature is the idea embodied in *Three years she grew*. One stanza is specially apposite: 'And she shall lean her ear,' etc. This is not only true poetry, but it has a Platonic felicitousness of language as the expression of a philosophy."—*Wordsworth Soc. Proc.*, vi. 55.

Ruskin's appreciation of the poem is marked with his usual wonderful insight. In *Sesame and Lilies* (*Of Queens' Gardens*), he quotes most of this poem in the following context:

"The first of our duties to her [woman]... is to secure her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty; the highest refinement of beauty being unattainable without splendour of activity and of delicate strength. To perfect her beauty, I say, and increase its power; it cannot be too powerful, nor shed its sacred light too far: only remember that all physical freedom is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart. There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite rightness—which point you to the source and describe to you, in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty [stt. 1, 2, 4, 6 of this poem are quoted]... This for the means; now note the end. Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty:—

'A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet,' etc.

The whole of Queens' Gardens is indeed a beautiful commentary on this poem.

**Page 3.—The title.** The poem is indexed in *Lyrical Ballads*, *Three years she grew in sun and shower*. In edd. 1843, 1846, etc., it is indexed and paged, Lucv. Otherwise it has remained without title. Mr. Palgrave in the *Golden Treasury* invents the title "The Education of Nature."

**l. 7f.—Myself will... with me.** In 1802 the poet changed the lines to:

Her Teacher I myself will be,  
She is my darling; and with me

but wisely returned to the original text in 1805.

**l. 10f.—In earth and heaven, an overseeing power.** The philosophy of this bears illustration

from every line of *Tintern Abbey*, as from the following:—

Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings.

—*Tintern Abbey*, l. 122ff.

l. 10. *her's*. The older spelling for *hers*.

Page 4. l. 20.—for her the willow bend. The willow lends its lithe grace, with which to imbue the Maiden.

l. 23.—Grace that shall mould. This is the reading in 1802, but ed. 1800 reads,

A beauty that shall mould her form

l. 31.—vital feelings. "Vital feelings of delight," observe. There are deadly feelings of delight; but the natural ones are vital, necessary to very life. And they must be feelings of delight, if they are to be vital. Do not think you can make a girl lovely, if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you can put on *Nature's* nature—there is not one check you give to the impulses of affection or of effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features, with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue."—Ruskin, *Sesame and Lilies*, II. § 71.

l. 36.—Here in this happy dell. "Observe, it is 'Nature' who is speaking throughout, and who says, 'while she and I together live.'"—Ruskin, *ib.*

l. 39.—*She died, and left to me.* "How empty, desolate, and colorless Nature, without Human Life present, becomes to the Poet, we gather from the conclusion of *Three years she grew*."—James Russell Lowell, *Wordsworth Soc. Tr.*, viii., 76.

l. 40.—*this calm, and quiet scene.* Calm, is the authoritative reading (1805, '43, '46, etc.) ; yet 1802, Morley, and other recent editions read, "calm and quiet scene."

### TO A SKYLARK.

**Composition and publication.** This lyric is one of the best poems of W.'s latest period, showing the "meditative wisdom" of this period, while the earlier lyric on the same subject (1805) shows his passionate joy in nature. It was written at Rydal Mount, Grassmere, where W. had removed in 1813. Its composition is dated 1825; its publication 1827.

**The subject of the poem.** "The bird that occupies the second place to the nightingale in British poetical literature is the skylark, a pastoral bird as the Philomel is an arboreal,—a creature of light and air and motion, companion of the plowman, the shepherd, the harvester,—whose nest is in the stubble and whose tryst is in the clouds. Its life affords that kind of contrast which the imagination loves—one moment a plain pedestrian-bird, hardly distinguishable from the ground, the next a soaring, untiring songster, reveling in the upper air, challenging the eye to follow him and the ear to separate his notes.

The lark's song is not especially melodious, but lithesome, sibilant, and unceasing. Its type is the grass, where the bird makes his home, abounding, multitudinous, the notes nearly all alike and all in the same key, but rapid, swarming, prodigal, showering down [cf. Coleridge, *A. M.*, l. 358] thick and



fast as drops of rain in a summer "hower."—John Burroughs, *Birds and Poets*.

Other poems on the lark. The Elizabethans first gave fit expression to the charm of the Lark's song.

What is't now we hear?  
None but the lark so shrill and clear;  
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,  
The morn not waking till she sings.

—John Lyly, *Campaspe*, v. 1.

Lyly was imitated by Shakspeare in

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings.  
—*Cymbeline*, III. II.

James Hogg (1772-1835) led the way to the modern lyrics. (His *Lark* is reprinted in the Appendix.) In 1805, W.'s first lyric *To a Skylark*,

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!  
was written. Then came Shelley's wonderful *Ode to the Skylark*, 1820, and in 1825 the present poem was composed. William Watson's new poem is included in the Appendix.

Page 5. l. 5f.—Or, while thy wings aspire, etc.

So constant with thy downward eye of love,  
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free.

—*A Morning Exercise*.

The lark now leaves his war nest  
I climbing shakes his de wings.  
—Davenant.

ll. 7-12.—To the last point, etc. This stanza, which belonged to the poem till 1843, was in 1846 transferred to *A Morning Exercise* (composed 1828), of which it became the eighth stanza. See final note.

l. 13.—her shady wood.

Thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.  
—Keats, *Ode to a Nightingale*.

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l. 10.—with instinct less divine. "Instinct" took the place of "capture" in 1827.

l. 18.—True to the kindred points, etc. Cf.

Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

—Hogg, *The Lark*.

Speaking of *A Morning Exercise*, W., in a note to Miss Fenwick, remarked: "I could wish the last five stanzas of this to be read with the poem addressed to the Skylark."

These stanzas are:

Hail, blest above all kinds!—Supremely skilled,  
Restless with fixed to balance, high with low,  
Thou leav'st the halcyon free her hopes to build  
On such forbearance as the deep may show;  
Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly ties,  
Leav'st to the wandering bird of paradise.

Faithful, though swift as lightning, the meek dove;  
Yet more hath nature reconciled in thee;  
So constant with thy downward eye of love,  
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free;  
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice  
In power of wing and never-weary'd voice.

To the last point of view, etc.

How would it please old Ocean to partake,  
With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,  
The harmony thy notes most gladly make  
Where earth resembles most his own domain:  
Urania's self might welcome with pleased ear  
These matins mounting towards her native sphere.

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no ba  
To day-light known deter from that pursuit,  
'Tis well that some sage instinct, when the stars  
Come forth at evening, keeps Thee still and mute:  
For not an eyelid could to sleep incline  
Wert thou among them, singing as they shine!

---

THE GREEN LINNET.

**Composition and publication.** *The Green Linnet* one of the many beautiful lyrics of the Grasmere period. "The cottage in which Wordsworth and his sister took up their abode, and which still retains

the form it wore then, stands on the right hand, by the side of the coach-road from Ambleside to Kew-  
wick, as it enters Grasmere, or, as that part of the  
village is called, TOWN-END. The front of it faces  
the lake; behind is a small plot of orchard and gar-  
den ground, in which there is a spring and rocks;  
the whole enclosure shelves upward toward the  
woody sides of the mountains above it."—*Memoirs*  
*of Wordsworth*, i 157. "At the end of the orchard  
was a terrace, where an arbour or moss-hut was  
built by Wordsworth; in which he murmured out  
and wrote or dictated many of his poems. . . The  
moss-hut is gone, and a stone seat now takes its  
place."—*Wordsworth Country*, pp. 61ff.

This poem was written in 1805. Wordsworth in  
his note to Miss Fenwick states that the poem was  
composed "in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere,  
where the bird was often seen as here described."

Many of Wordsworth's poems are associated with  
this orchard—*Farewell, To a Butterfly, The Green*  
*Linnet, The Redbreast Chasing the Butterfly, The*  
*Kitten and the Falling Leaves, Lines in Thomson's*  
*Castle of Indolence. The Green Linnet* has the clos-  
est associations of all, and "is as true to the spirit  
of the place in 1887 as it was eighty years ago"  
(Knight).

It was published in the second volume of *Poems*,  
1807.

**Theme. The Green Linnet.** The Greenfinch, or  
Green Linnet, is one of the commonest of British  
birds, though not found in America. "Its familiar  
haunts are in our gardens, shrubberies, and pleas-  
ure-grounds. . . Its song commences in April, at  
which time the birds also pair. There is nothing  
striking in its music—it is a song which bears some  
resemblance to that of an Inferior Canary; and it

is only when several birds are singing in chorus that their notes are at all attractive. In some half a dozen cock-birds will sometimes be seen in a single tree; and when they are all warbling together, one against the other, the effect is very harmonious and pleasing.

"The adult male Greenfinch has the general colour of the plumage, bright yellowish green, brightest on the crown, and shading into slate-grey on the flanks and lower belly, and into yellowish white on the under tail-coverts. The crown, the sides of the head and neck, the throat and breast... slate-grey; the wings are brownish black."—Seebohm, II. 74ff.

Page 6. ll. 1-8.—Beneath these fruit-tree boughs...

1807. The May is come again;—how sweet  
To sit upon my orchard-seat!  
And Birds and Flowers once more to greet,  
My last year's Friends together;  
My thoughts they all by turns employ;  
A whispering Leaf is now my joy,  
And then a bird will be the toy  
That doth my fancy tether.

1815 (l. 3) And Flowers and Birds once more to greet.  
The present version of stanza 1. appeared first in the 1827 ed.

l. 10.—covert of the blest. 'Covert' (O.F. *couvert*, per. part of *courrir*, to cove.), hiding-place, shelter.

l. 15.—the revels of the May. A picture of the birds at spring-time taken from the rejoicings of the country folk on May-day. The festivities of May-day—gathering hawthorn-flowers, sports, and dancing round the May-pole, are called 'the May.'

l. 18.—one band of paramours. Birds and butterflies are pairing; in the fields.

'No sister flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother;'

but the Linnet is still alone (sole, L. *solus*, alone).

**paramour** (O.F. *par amour*, with love, as a lover), lover, wooer—an archaic sense.

**Page 7. l. 25.—Amid yon tuft.** 1827 ed., Upon yon tuft.

**l. 26.—That twinkle to the gusty breeze.** Only Tennyson equals the picturesqueness of such a line as this; cf.

Below the chestnuts, when their buds  
Were glistening to the breezy blue.

—*The Miller's Daughter.*

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk and shiver.

—*Lady of Shalott.*

**ll. 33.—My dazzled sight...**

**1807.** While thus before my eyes he gleams,  
A Brother of the Leaves he seems;

When in a moment forth he teems  
His little song in gushes;

As if it pleased him to disdain  
The voiceless Form which he did feign,

While he was dancing with the train  
Of leaves among the bushes.

**1820 (l. 38).** The voiceless form he chose to feign,  
**1827 (ll. 33f.)** My sight he dazzles, half deceives,

A bird so like the dancing leaves,  
Then flits, etc. (as in our text).

**1843.** The bird my dazzled sight deceives.

Our text is the reading of 1832, as finally adopted in 1846.

#### TO THE CUCKOO.

**Composition and publication.** As stated by Wordsworth, this was "composed in the orchard at Townend, Grasmere, 1804." According to Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal the poem must have been begun in 1802. On Friday, March 22nd and 25th of that year, she notes the mildness and beauty of the morning, adding, "William worked on the Cuckoo poem." It was published in the second volume of *Poems*, 1807.

**Theme of the poem. The Cuckoo.** "These birds frequent gardens, groves, and fields, in fact any localities where their insect food is abundant... In

habits the Cuckoo is wild and shy, a tolerably swift bird on the wing, frequenting chiefly such places as are well covered with trees and groves; and so shy and watchful is it, that to approach within gun-range of it is generally most difficult... The note of the male is the well-known call which is generally heard, and consists of two syllables, *uh, uh*, rather than *ku-ku*, which, when the bird is greatly excited, is rendered *ku-ku-ku*."—Dresser, *Birds of Europe*, v. 197, 205.

The Cuckoo had an especial attraction for Wordsworth. He speaks of the "thousand delightful feelings connected in my mind with the voice of the cuckoo." His poems on this theme and the allusions in his works are very numerous. In 1801 he translated Chaucer's *The Cuckoo and The Nightingale*; in 1804 the present poem was composed. Two years later the impression of the cuckoo's song echoing among the mountains near Rydal Mere called forth "*Yes, it was the Mountain Echo*." In 1827 the sonnet *To the Cuckoo* voiced the gladness of the bird's song at Spring. While the poet was travelling in Italy in 1837, the familiar voice of the bird greeted him, and awakened the thoughts embodied in *The Cuckoo at Laverna*. In his last years the present of a clock once more recalled the delights of childhood hours, and found an acknowledgment in *The Cuckoo-Clock*, 1845.

Page 8. 1. 4.—**But a wandering Voice.** Wordsworth describes it as a "vagrant voice" in *The Cuckoo at Laverna*. The phrase aptly describes the bird, which is heard and not seen. It is classical in origin; the nightingale being *vox et præterea nihil*, which phrase is attributed to the Greeks. The story of Echo, who had only voice left, is parallel.—Ovid, *Met.* iii. 397.

II. 5-10.—While I am lying... The reading of 1845.

1807. While I am lying on the grass,  
I hear this restless shout:  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
About, and all about!

1815. While I am lying on the grass,  
Thy loud note smites my ear!—  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near!

1820. While I am lying on the grass,  
Thy loud note smites my ear!—  
It seems to fill the whole air's space,  
At once far off and near!

1827. While I am lying on the grass,  
Thy twofold shout I hear,  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near.

1832. While I am lying on the grass,  
Thy twofold shout I hear,  
That seems to fill the whole air's space,  
As loud far off as near.

I. 6.—Thy twofold shout. Cf.

Shout, cuckoo! let the vernal soul  
Go with thee to the frozen zone;  
Toll from the loftiest perch, lone bell-bird, toll!  
At the still hour to Mercy dear,  
Mercy from her twilight throne  
Listening to nun's faint throb of holy fear,  
To sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening sea,  
Or widow's cottage-lullaby.

—Wordsworth, *Power of Sound*, II.

The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,  
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place.

—Wordsworth, *Excursion*, II. 346f.

I. 7.—From hill to hill. Cf.

The cuckoo told his name to all the hills.

—Tennyson, *The Gardener's Daughter*.

II. 9-13.—Though babbling. This is the reading of 1827.

1807. To me, no Babbler with a tale  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou tellest, Cuckoo! in the vale  
Of visionary hours.

1815. I hear thee babbling to the Vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers;  
And unto me thou bring'st a tale  
Of visionary hours.

1820 (l. 11). But unto me. . .

l. 12.—Of visionary hours. The suggestive and musical effect of a long word aptly used is a peculiarity of the poet. Cf.

Or hast thou been summoned to the deep,  
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep  
An incommunicable sleep.

—*The Affliction of Margaret*.

But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

—*She Dwell Among the Untrodden Ways*.

Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

—*The Solitary Reaper*.

l. 15.—no bird, but an invisible thing. Tennyson imitated this happy turn in describing the bulbul or Eastern nightingale:

The living airs of middle night  
Died round the bulbul as he sung;  
Not he; but something which possess'd  
The darkness of the world, delight,  
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,  
Ceasing not, mingled, unpress'd,  
Apart from place, withholding time,  
But flattering the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

—*Recollections of the Arabian Nights*.

Page 9. l. 31.—unsubstantial. Suggested possibly by Prospero's description of the earth's dissolution,—

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind.

—Shakspeare, *Tempest* iv. i.

faery. A variant form of fairy. This spelling is preferred by the poets to exclude the undignified associations of the latter form:—resembling fairyland in its beautiful unsubstantial visionary character. Cf. Keats, *To a Nightingale*, l. 70.



## SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

**Composition and publication.** As the Fenwick note states, this poem was "written at Town-end, Grasmere [1804]. The germ of this poem was four lines [probably ll. 1-4,—Knight] composed as a part of the verses on the Highland Girl. Though beginning in this way, it was written from my heart, as is sufficiently obvious." The vague hint in "written from my heart" is made clear by Christopher Wordsworth's note in the *Memoirs*, i. 204<sup>f</sup>, and the testimony of Chief Justice Coleridge giving the poet's own statement.—(*Memoirs*, ii. 306.)

The poem was published in the first volume of *Poems*, 1807.

**Theme.** While Wordsworth was a schoolboy at Penrith, a fellow-pupil of his was his cousin Mary Hutchinson. In 1789, while still a student at Cambridge, Wordsworth revisited Penrith, where his sister and Mary Hutchinson were living. When the poet returned from his visit to Germany in 1799, he went first to Sockburn, where Mary Hutchinson was then living. At Dove Cottage she was a frequent visitor. On the 4th of October, 1802, the two were married. "There was," says Knight, "an entire absence of romance in Wordsworth's courtship. . . . He loved Mary Hutchinson; he had always loved her; and he loved her with an ever-increasing tenderness; but his engagement to her seemed somehow to be just the natural sequel to their early unromantic regard." De Quincey, who visited Dove Cottage in 1807, speaks of Mrs. Wordsworth with enthusiasm:—"The foremost [of the two ladies], a tallish young woman, with the most winning ex-

pression of benignity upon her features, advanced to me, presenting her hand with so frank an air that all embarrassment must have fled in a moment before the native goodness of her manner... She furnished remarkable proof how possible it is for a woman neither handsome nor even comely, according to the rigour of criticism—nay, generally pronounced very plain—to exercise all the practical fascination of beauty, through the mere compensatory charms of sweetness all but angelic, of simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect and purity of heart speaking through all her looks, acts, and movements... Her words were few... Her intellect was not of an active order; but, in a quiescent, reposing, meditative way, she appeared always to have a genial enjoyment from her own thoughts... Indeed, all faults would have been neutralized by that supreme expression of her features, to that unity of which every lineament in the fixed parts, and every undulation in the moving parts of her countenance, concurred, viz., a sunny benignity—a radiant graciousness—such as in this world I never saw surpassed."—*Recollections of the Lake Poets*, ch. iii.

Wordsworth's own references to his wife are many beautiful tributes of affection. In the poem in which he bids farewell in his orchard-scenes before his marriage, he closes with the words:—

—A gentle Maid, whose heart is lowly bred,  
Whose pleasures are in wild fields gatherèd,  
With joyousness, and with a thoughtful cheer,  
Will come to you: "you herself will wed;  
And love the blessed that we lead here.

—*A Farewell*, 1802.

Then came two years after his marriage the most beautiful tribute ever paid to wife, the lines "*She*

was a *Phantom of Delight*." In the same strain are the lines in *The Prelude*:—

Thereafter came  
One whom with thee friendship had early paired;  
She came, no more a phantom to adorn  
A moment, but an inmate of the heart,  
And yet a spirit, there for me enshrined  
To penetrate the lofty and the low;  
Even as one essence of pervading light  
Shines, in the brightest of ten thousand stars  
And the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp  
Couched in the dewy grass.

—*Prelude*, xiv.

The Dedication of *The White Doe of Rylstone*, 1807, commemorates the deep still affection binding the husband and wife, brought closer together by the loss of children. In 1824, two poems addressed to his wife record the poet's deepest love and the sustaining help of her faith. In 1741, after thirty-six years of life together, the poet wrote from his heart:—

"O, my Beloved! I have done thee wrong,  
Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung,  
Ever too heedless, as I now perceive:  
Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,  
And the old day was welcome as the young  
As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth  
More beautiful as being a thing more holy:  
Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth  
Of all thy goodness, never melancholy;  
To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast  
Into one vision, future, present, past.

Page 9. l. 5.—eyes as stars of Twilight. The star-like beauty of eyes has often been noted.

Or from star-like eyes doth seek.

—Carew, *Disdain Returned*.

The poet adds the milder radiance seen at twilight.

Page 10. l. 8.—From May-time. . . dawn.

1836 ed. From May-time's brightest, loveliest dawn,  
O'.

She seem'd a part of joyous spring.

—Tennyson, *Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere*.

ll. 15-16.—A countenance...as sweet. "There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite *rightness*—which point you to the cause, and describe to you, in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty. [The lines beginning,—

'Three years she grew in sun and shower'  
are then quoted.]

"Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty—

'A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet.'

"The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years,—full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise;—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise."—*Sesame and Lilies*, ll. §§ 70, 71.

l. 22.—pulse of the machine. "The use of the word 'machine' in the third stanza has been much criticized. For a similar use of the term see the sequel to *The Waggoner*:—

Forgive me, then; for I had been  
On friendly terms with this Machine.

The progress of mechanical industry in Britain since the beginning of the present century has given a more limited, and purely technical, meaning to the word than it bore when Wordsworth used it in these two instances."—Knight, III. 5. To this might be added that Wordsworth had Shakspeare's authority for this sense of the word,—

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to b'm. Hamlet.—*Hamlet*, II. II. 124.

Rousseau uses *machine* in the sense of 'being.' l. 24.—*between*. In 1832 ed., *betwixt*.

l. 30.—*an angel-light*. This is the reading of 1836; that of 1807 is, *an angel light*; that of 1845, *angelic light*.

#### THE SMALL CELANDINE.

**Composition and publication.** W. has three poems on the Celandine, the first written April 30th, 1802, beginning,

Pansies, lilies, kingcups,, daisies,  
Let them live upon their praises;

the second, composed May 1st, 1802, beginning,

Pleasures newly found are sweet  
When they lie about our feet;

the third, our present poem, composed in 1804. All were published in the volume of 1807. They stand, therefore, among the beautiful lyrics of the Townend, Grasmere period.

W. classed this poem among "Poems referring to the Period of Old Age."

**Subject of the poem.** "It is remarkable," says W., in the Fenwick note, "that this flower coming out so early in the Spring as it does, and so bright and beautiful, and in such profusion, should not have been noticed earlier in English verse. What adds much to the interest that attends it, is its habit of shutting itself up and opening out according to the degree of light and temperature of the air."

The lesser Celandine, Celandine Crowfoot, Figwort Pilewort, *Ranunculus Ficaria*, a sort of buttercup, has fig (*L. ficus*)-shaped tubercles, heart-shaped leaves, and bright yellow flowers usually of nine petals, blossoming as early as March. "The flower

loves the sunshine and light. We generally find it closed from five in the evening until nine in the morning, and also during wet or gloomy weather. Its Celtic name, *Grian* (the sun), refers to this point in its history."—Sowerby, l. 40.

**Page 11.—Title.** In 1807, Common Pilewort. The title *A Lesson*, in the *Golden Treasury*, is Mr. Palgrave's invention.

l. 4.—**himself.** Previous to 1837, *itself*.

l. 13.—**inly-muttered.** Inly, inwardly; used by Chaucer and Spenser, etc.

But trembling every joint did inly quake.  
—*Fairy Queen*, l. ix. xxiv.

l. 20.—**spleen.** The spleen was formerly regarded as a seat of the passions; hence, ill-humour, spite.

l. 24.—**Age might but take.** Had W. in mind the French proverb, *Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pourrait*, If youth only had wisdom, and age strength? Knight compares W.'s lines,

Thy's fares it still in our decay:  
And yet the wiser mind  
Mourns less for what age takes away  
Than what it leaves behind.  
—*The Fountain*.

## TO THE DAISY.

**Composition and publication.** Wordsworth wrote in all four poems addressed to the Daisy. They begin:

- (i.) In youth from rock to rock I went.
- (ii.) With little here to do or see.
- (iii.) Bright Flower! whose home is everywhere.
- (iv.) Sweet Flower! belike one day to have.

Except the last, which, as an elegy on the poet's brother John, stands apart (1805) from the others, these poems were written in 1802, in the orchard of Dove Cottage, Town-end, Grasmere, shortly after Wordsworth took up his residence there. The second and third poems "were overflowings of the mind in composing the one which stands first."—W. in ed. 1807. The first three poems were published in 1807. They have much in common and should be read together.

**Page 12. l. 1.—here.** W. and his sister in Dec. 21, 1799, settled in Grasmere, Cumberland, in Dove Cottage, at that extremity of the village called Town-end, and lived there till 1808. Wordsworth's finest poetry was there written.

**l. 3.—Sweet Daisy! oft.** This is the reading of edd. 1807-1827, but variants are,—

|            |                                |
|------------|--------------------------------|
| 1836-1843. | Yet once again I talk to thee, |
| 1846-1849. | Daisy! again I talk to thee,   |

The changes are chiefly intended to make a better connection with the first poem, *To the Daisy*.

**l. 10.—I sit and play, etc.** Such is the reading from 1820; but 1807

Oft do I sit by thee at ease,  
And weave a web of similies (sic).

Page 13. l. 23.—**cyclops** (*sik' klops*). From Lat. *cylops*, Gk. *Κυκλωψ*, lit. 'round-eyed' *Κυκλον*, circle, *ωψ*, eye. In classical mythology, a giant having one eye shaped like a circle, set in the middle of his forehead.

l. 30.—**boss**. The convex projection in the centre of the shield.

l. 41.—**Bright Flower**. Bright is a substitute for sweet in 1836 ed.

l. 43.—**fast**. The editors have uniformly a comma after *fast*, but it would better be a semicolon, to permit the close association of l. 44 with l. 45.



## NOTES ON LONGFELLOW.

## THE DAY IS DONE.

**Composition and publication.** On Nov. 26, 1844, L. wrote to his father, "I have also in press a small volume of poems,—a selection merely, of favorite pieces,—to be called the *Walf*, with an introductory poem by myself." *The Walf, a Collection of Poems*, was published in Cambridge, Christmas of 1844, dated 1845, containing various stray floating pieces along with poems of Herrick, Shelley, Browning, etc. The Proem, or Introduction, is the present poem. It was republished in *The Belfry of Bruges*, etc., under its present title. From these earliest texts there are no variations.

Balfe's pretty music for this song was written in 1856.

Kent's sonnet, *The Day is Gone*, is a treatment of the same theme in a very different spirit.

**Page 17. l. 5.—the lights of the village.** Cambridge itself, frequently referred to in the *Journal* as "the village," and only about 1853 (see *Journal*, Sept. 21) turning into a city.

**l. 16.—thoughts.** An archaic sense, anxious thoughts, cares (l. 42). Cf. "Take no *thought* for your life, what ye shall eat."—*Matt.* vi. 25.

**Page 18. l. 20.—long days of labor, etc.**

To scorn delights, and live laborious days.  
—Milton, *Lycidas*, l. 73.

## THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

**Composition and publication.** In the town of Pittsfield, in western Massachusetts, stands the mansion

formerly (till 1853) belonging to the Appletons. It is an old-fashioned country-house standing back from the street among splendid trees. One of its greatest ornaments was a great clock on the stairway.

When Longfellow, in 1843, married Frances Appleton, daughter of Nathan Appleton of Boston, they spent part of their wedding journey with Mrs. Longfellow's relatives at Pittsfield in the family mansion. There Longfellow saw the clock of our poem, and learned those incidents of the history of the Appleton family, which he afterwards embodied in his verses. On the sale of the family mansion the old clock was reserved and brought to Boston, "where it still stands in the hallway of Mr. Thomas Appleton's residence."

In his *Journal*, Nov. 12, 1845, Longfellow wrote: "Began a poem on a clock, with the words, 'Forever, never' as the burden; suggested by the words of Bridaine, the old French missionary, who said of eternity, 'C'est une pendule,' etc.

The poem was first printed in *The Belfry of Bruges*, etc. The text has not varied since its first publication.

**Ps. 19.**—The motto. "Eternity is a clock the pendulum of which says and repeats ceaselessly these two words only, in the silence of the tombs: Ever! never! Ever! never!"

**Jacques Bridaine** (1701-1767) Pronounce *zhak brē-dān'*. Educated at the Jesuit College of Avignon, France, a missionary priest of wonderful eloquence, force and imagination, devoting himself to evangelical work throughout the towns of Central and Northern France.

The extract is the exordium of a sermon on Eternity, preached at St. Sulpice. It was preserved

by Cardinal Maury and printed by La Harpe, *Cours de littérature*. The concluding words are equally powerful: "And ever during these awful revolutions one reprobate soul cries: What time is it? And the voice of another replies, Eternity."

l. 3.—*antique*. Note the unusual accent here and in *Evang.*, l. 93. This accentuation was once very common, hence *antic*, which is the same word as *antique* (Fr. *antique*, L. *antiquus*).

How well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world.  
—Shakspeare, *As You Like It*, II. iii.

The differentiation of spelling and accent accompanied the differentiation of meaning.

*portico*. An open porch or piazza, the roof of which is supported by pillars.

Page 20. l. 35.—His great fires. Hospitality personified as the host.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
Went roaring up the chimney wide;  
The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
Scrub'd till it shone, the day to grace,  
Bore then upon its massive board,  
No mark to part the squire and lord, etc.  
—Scott, *Marmion*, vi. (Introd.)

l. 37.—*skeleton at the feast*. "In social meetings among the rich, when the banquet is ended, a servant carries round to the several guests a coffin, in which there is a wooden image of a corpse, carved and painted to resemble nature as nearly as possible, about a cubit or two in length. As he shows it to each guest in turn, the servant says, 'Gaze here, and drink and be merry; for when you die, such will you be.'"—Herodotus, l. 78, speaking of the Egyptians (tr. Rawlinson). The same feature of banquets is described in Petronius, *Satyricon*, 34; Plutarch, etc. Numerous references are in the Bible likewise,—2. *Corinth.* xv. 32, etc.

l. 43f.—O golden prime. . . time!

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince.  
—Shakspeare, *Richard III.*, l. ii. 248.

In sooth it was a goodly time,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

—Tennyson, *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*.

prime. Fr. *prime*, Lat. *prima*, the first hour;  
hence, here, youth in its highest development.

Page 21. l. 61.—long since. 1846, long-since.

l. 66.—Where all parting. *Revel.* xxi. 4.

l. 69.—horologe (*hor' o lödge*). Time-piece. (OFr. *horologe*, Mod. Fr. *horloge*, clock; L. *horologium*; Gk. *hora*, hour, *lego*, I speak.)

#### THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

Composition and publication. L.'s *Journal* reads under September 29, 1846: "A delicious drive with F. through Malden and Lynn to Marblehead, to visit E. W. at the Devereux Farm by the sea-side. Drove across the beautiful sand. What a delicious scene! The ocean in the sunshine changing from the silvery hue of the thin waves upon the beach, through the lighter and the deeper green, to a rich purple on the horizon. We recalled the times past, and the days when we were at Nahant. The Devereux Farm is by the sea, some miles from Lynn. An old-fashioned farm-house, with low rooms and narrow windows rattling in the sea-breeze. After dinner we drove to Marblehead,—a strange old place on a rocky promontory, with narrow streets, and strange, ugly houses scattered at random, corner-wise and every-wise, thrusting their shoulders into the streets and elbowing the passers out of their way. A dismantled fort looks seaward. We ran

bled along the breast-works, which are now a public walk, and asked in vain for the reef of Norman's Woe, which is, nevertheless, in this neighborhood. On returning to the Devereux Farm we sat on the rocks and listened to 'the bellowing of the savage sea.'"

The outcome of this visit was the poem *The Fire of Drift-Wood*, which appeared in *Seaside and Fireside*, 1850.

Page 22.—Sub-title. **Marblehead.** "Marblehead is a backbone of granite, a vertebra of syenite and porphyry thrust out into Massachusetts Bay, in the direction of Cape Ann, and hedged about with rocky islets. It is somewhat sheltered from the weight of north-east storms by the sweep of the cape, which launches itself out to sea, and gallantly receives the first buffetings of the Atlantic. The promontory of Marblehead may once have been a prolongation of Cape Ann, the whole coast hereabouts looking as if the ocean had licked out the softer parts, leaving nothing that was digestible behind. This rock, on which a settlement was begun two hundred and fifty odd years ago, performs its part by making Salem Harbor on one hand, and another for its own shipping on the east, where an appendage known as Marblehead Neck is joined to it by a ligature of sand and shingle. The port [l. 5] is open to the northeast, and vessels are sometimes blown from their anchorage upon the sand banks at the head of the harbor, though the water is generally deep and the shores bold. At the entrance a light-house [l. 7] is built on the entrance point of the Neck; and on a tongue of land opposite is Fort Sewall [l. 7], a beckoning finger and a clenched fist....

"The beach is the mall of Marblehead. It opens upon Nahant Bay, and is much exposed to the force of south-east gales. Over this beach a causeway is built.... The Neck is the peculiar domain of a transient population of careworn fugitives from the city [Boston lies 18 miles to the south-west]."—Drake, *New England Coast*, p. 228ff.

l. 5.—we saw the port. Of Marblehead. "In a letter in 1879 to a correspondent who had raised a matter-of-fact objection, Mr. L. readily admitted that the harbor and the lighthouse....could not be seen from the windows of the farm-house."—Note in *Riverside* ed.

l. 6.—old-fashioned, silent town. "I began to have some notion of the maze of rocky lanes, alleys, and courts. Caprice seems to have governed the locality of a majority of the houses by the water-side, and the streets to have adjusted themselves to the wooden anarchy....or else the houses must have been stranded here by the flood."—*Drake*, p. 238. The town has taken to making shoes, and is losing in part its silent antique character.

l. 7.—dismantled fort. Fort Sewall, built in 1742, rebuilt during the American Civil War.

Page 23. l. 31.—the wreck of stranded ships. The fire of ocean drift-wood is the most beautiful of all open fires. No other wood has such clear, pale, many-coloured flames to mark its burning.

l. 43.—long-lost ventures. Venture was formerly often used with the special sense of something sent over seas in trade.

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
Nor to one place.

—Shakspeare, *Merchant of Venice*, i. i.

Here it is used of the ship itself.

#### RESIGNATION.

**Autobiographical significance.** *Resignation*, while representing to us the chastened feelings of fathers and mothers in general on the loss of beloved children, acquires additional interest from its connection with the poet's own life. This poem is the expression of Longfellow's feelings on the death of his infant daughter Frances. In his journal he chronicles the incidents of her short life. "Oct. 30, 1847. Fanny was christened....She looked charm-

ingly, and behaved well throughout. *Sept. 3, 1848.* Fanny very weak and miserable. Which way will the balance of life and death turn? *10th.* A day of agony; the physicians no longer have any hope; I cannot yet abandon it. Motionless she lies; only a little moan now and then. *11th.* Lower and lower. Throughout the silent, desolate room the clocks tick loud. At half-past four this afternoon she died.... Her breathing grew fainter, fainter, then ceased without a sigh, without a flutter—perfectly quiet, perfectly painless. The sweetest expression on her face.

The room was full of angels where she lay;  
And when they had departed she was gone.

*12th.* Our little child was buried to-day. From her nursery, down the front stairs, through my study and into the library, she was borne in the arms of her old nurse. And thence, after prayer, through the long hall to her coffin and grave. For a long time, I sat by her alone in the darkened library. The twilight fell softly on her placid face and the white flowers she held in her little hands. In the deep silence, the bird sang from the hall, a sad strain, a melancholy *requiem*. It touched and soothed me. *Nor 12th.* I feel very sad to-day. I miss very much my dear little Fanny. An unappeasable longing to see her comes over me at times, which I can hardly control."

In the autumn of the year 1848 *Resignation* was written, and appeared as the first poem of the part *By the Fireside* in the volume, *Seaside and Fireside*, Boston, 1850. No changes have been made in this earliest text.

The poem bears a close relationship in phrase and in thought to Vaughan's poem, *They are all Gone*, quoted in the Appendix, with which it should be compared.

Page 24. l. 7.—The heart of Rachel. Rachel stands here as a type of the bereaved mother. See *Jerem.* xxxi. 15 and *Matth.* ii. 18.

l. 9.—**Let us be patient.** One of the poet's favorite virtues is patience. Cf. *Ps. of L.*, l. 36; *Erang.*, l. 725, etc.

l. 10.—**no! from the ground arise.** Like noxious exhalations, born of earth. "Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground." *Job* v. 6.

l. 14.—**We see but dimly,** etc. Cf. *1. Corinth.* xiii. 12.

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of eternity,  
Until death tramples it to fragments.

—Shelley, *Adonais*.

l. 15.—**funereal tapers.** Used as typical of all outward signs of sorrow and death. It is customary with the Roman Catholics to surround the coffined dead with burning candles.

**funereal.** Suitable to a funeral, dismal, mournful.

l. 17.—**There is no Death . . . transition.**

Life, which, in its weakness or excess,  
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,  
Or death, which, seeming darkness, is no less  
The self-same light, although averted hence.

—Longfellow, *Birds of Killingworth*.

l. 19.—**the lie elysian.** Elysium or the Elysian Fields represented paradise to the Greeks. Amidst its groves and on its meadows set with asphodel, wander the blessed dead, heroes who died in battle, the noble poets, the benefactors of humanity.

Page 25. l. 22.—**school.** Not a dignified word in this connection, but elevated by the following description—"a great cloister"—into something massive, antique, inspiring awe and veneration.

l. 25.—**cloister.** Strictly, a covered walk adjoining the cells of a monastery, usually alongside the inner silent quadrangle; here, the monastery or convent itself.

l. 33f.—**we walk with her,** etc. Accompany her day by day in thought, keeping close the bond of love with which nature unites parents and child.

l. 41.—**in her Father's mansion.** A biblical phrase; cf. *John*, xiv. 2.



Page 26. l. 47.—like the ocean, etc. Cf. *Evang.*, l. 182.

l. 51.—By silence sanctifying, etc. The progress of thought throughout the poem should be clearly studied, so that the culminating effect of the final stanza may be clearly realized. Death, however it appears, is the work of heaven not earth; it really means a fuller life in Paradise: to mourn is therefore to be rebellious against God; yet the impulse of grief is at times too strong to be wholly repressed; there remains for us, then, only to purify and sanctify this grief through patience and silence.

#### THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

**Composition and publication.** "Copied a poem I have just written,—The Warden of the Cinque Ports."—*L. Journal*, 1852, Oct. 14th. It formed one of the poems of *Birds of Passage* in the volume of *The Courtship of Miles Standish, and Other Poems*, 1858, pp. 131-134.

**Subject of the poem.** This poem is a mark of that sorrow that thrilled the English-speaking world when the great figure of the Duke of Wellington passed away. After years of victories in India, the Peninsula, and Belgium, and years of service as a minister of the Crown, he died on September 14th, 1852, at the age of eighty-three. "Another year passed, and then the Duke faded away peacefully at Walmer, in September, and after lying in state at Chelsea Hospital, was solemnly buried by the side of Nelson in St. Paul's Cathedral. All the nations in Europe, except Austria, were represented at his grave; and as the organ peals ceased and the mighty multitude separated, the whole world felt not only that an epoch had visibly ended, but that a great captain and a supremely dutiful, honest man, leaving behind him a stainless record, had gone from them for ever."—Hooper, *Wellington*, p. 254.

Tennyson's great poem, *God on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, lends additional interest to this poem.

**Page 26. Title. The Warden of the Cinque Ports.** The Cinque Ports (pronounced *sink*, preserving the OFr. pronounciation) are the chief coast-towns immediately opposite France,—Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney, in Kent, and Hastings, in Sussex. They were erected by the Conqueror into a separate jurisdiction and endowed with special privileges in return for furnishing the king with ships for the royal service. The administration—civil, military and naval—of the Ports was vested in a Warden, or Lord-Warden. The Municipal Reform Act did away with the special privileges of the Cinque Ports, reducing them to the condition of other municipalities.

"The Lord-Warden's jurisdiction, in relation to civil suits and proceedings, was abolished in 1835; but he still presides in the court of Stapway, and appoints justices of the peace within the jurisdiction of the Cinque Ports. His official residence is Walmer Castle, near Deal, a structure of Henry VIII.'s time; and here, as warden, the Duke of Wellington lived every autumn from 1829 till his death at it in 1852" (Chambers).

**Page 27. l. 13.—couchant** (*cour' tschant*). Crouching, ready to spring.

**l. 21.—the burden.** The refrain, repetition of the 'all's well.'

**l. 27.—embrasure.** The sloping or bevelled opening in a parapet, or wall. In fortifications it permits the easy firing of the guns.

**l. 31.—Field-Marshal.** The highest military officer under the Commander-in-Chief. After his victory at Vitoria, 1812, Wellington received the baton of Field-Marshal from the Prince-Regent. On the death of the Duke of York, 1827, he was made Commander-in-Chief.

**Page 28. l. 47.—intimated.** The justification of this prosaic word in this passage is the poet's desire to

indicate the impassive matter-of-fact of nature, and thus by contrast to deepen the shade of the preceding thought.

### THE BRIDGE.

**Composition and publication.** In Longfellow's *Journal* for October 9th, 1845, there is the entry "Finished 'The Bridge over the Charles,'" and again, on October 17th, "Retouched 'The Bridge.'" *The Bridge* was published in the book of short poems, *The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems*, 1846.

**The theme.** Cambridge, where Longfellow made his home, is a beautiful suburb of Boston, lying west of the city, and separated from it by the Charles, a tidal river. The way to the city lies over the Bridge, and it was a favorite walk of the poet's. "I always stop on the bridge; tide waters are beautiful. From the ocean up into the land they go, like messengers, to ask why the tribute has not been paid. . . . Floating seaweed and kelp are carried up into the meadows."—Longfellow's *Journal*, March 1, 1838.

The poem aims to give the picturesque detail aspects of the Bridge as it appears at a chosen time, and to compare the human heart with its history with this beautiful object of nature. The study of the poem will elucidate this comparison in many interesting ways. What phase of human life gave rise to the pathos of the poem?

**The metre.** Notice the quality of the ballad metre and its suitability to the theme.

**Page 28. l. 7.—A golden goblet.** Draw the outline of the reflection of the moon on the water as here indicated. Would this comparison be accurate if the moon had risen?

Page 29. l. 14.—**Wavering.** Show the picturesque value of the epithet.

l. 23.—**A flood of thoughts.** Compare the introduction of the human element in Tennyson's *Break, break, break*. Notice Longfellow's distinctive power of uniting a human experience with its appropriate symbol in nature.

Page 31. l. 59.—**the symbol . . . in heaven . . . its wavering image here.** The constant aspiration of the poets which finds expression in the thought of the perfection that lies beyond this earth.

On the earth the broken arcs  
In the heaven the perfect round.

—*Browning.*

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#### A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

**Composition and publication.**—"The last day of summer. Began my college work: classes unusually large. In the afternoon a delicious drive with F. and C. [his wife Frances and his first child] through Brookline, by the church and 'the green-lane,' and homeward through a lovelier lane, with barberries and wild vines clustering over the old stone walls."—Longfellow, *Journal*, Aug. 31, 1846. This reference to "the green lane," l. 10, associates the poem therefore with Brookline, the rich, beautiful residential suburb to the south-west of Boston, and its Unitarian Church.

The poem was written before the time of the entry in the *Journal*. One would fancy it recalled days of courtship or of early married life, which, as the poet took his second wife in 1843, is not improbable. It was published in the volume called *The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems*, Cambridge, 1846, pp. 19-22. There are no changes from this first printed version.

Page 31. l. 9.—the highway to the town. Apparently Western Avenue, a splendid roadway, built in 1821.

l. 12.—O gentlest of my friends! This seems to suggest his wife, Frances Appleton Longfellow. In *Hyperion* she is described:—"Her face bore a wonderful fascination in it. It was such a calm, quiet face, with the light of the rising soul shining so peacefully through it. At times it wore an expression of seriousness—of sorrow even; and then seemed to make the very air bright with what the Italian poets so beautifully call the *lampeggiar dell' angelico riso*,—the lightning of the angelic smile. And O, those eyes—those dear unutterable eyes, with 'down-falling eyelids full of dreams and slumber,' and within them a cold living light, as in mountain lakes at evening. . . . Every step, every attitude, was graceful, and yet lofty, as if inspired by the soul within. And what a soul was hers! A temple dedicated to heaven, and, like the Pantheon at Rome, lighted only from above. And earthly passions in the forms of gods were no longer there, but the sweet and thoughtful faces of Christ and the Virgin Mary, and the Saints."—*Hyperion*, iii. iv.

l. 13.—linden trees. The American linden-tree, or basswood, sweet in spring with odorous yellow blossoms.

Page 32. l. 21ff.—I saw the branches of the trees, etc. Lines worthy of a place with—

A foot more light, a step more true,  
Ne'er from the neath-flower dashed the dew;  
E'en the light hare-bell raised its head,  
Elastic from her airy tread.

—Scott, *The Lady of the Lake*, l. xviii.

For her feet have touched the meadows  
And left the daisies rosy.

—Tennyson, *Maud*, xii.

l. 23f.—“Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,” etc.  
Quoted from a favourite hymn of the Unitarian  
church in America, written by an English poetess:—

Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares  
Of earth and folly born!  
Ye shall not dim the light that streams  
From this celestial morn.

To-morrow will be time enough  
To feel your harsh controul;  
Ye shall not violate this day,  
The sabbath of my soul.

Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thought!  
Let fires of vengeance die;  
And, purged from sin, may I behold  
A God of purity!

—Anna Lætitia Barbault (1743-1825).

l. 31.—Like the celestial ladder. Cf. *Evang.*, l. 821.

The poet was fond to a fault of certain comparisons and allusions, especially of comparisons and allusions drawn from the Bible. The prevalence in his work of these biblical references is, without doubt, due to the Puritan background of New England life. The student of New England literature will have noticed that this peculiarity of style is even more marked in the poetry of Longfellow's predecessors. Here the religious associations make the comparison very apt.

l. 39f.—For he spake of Ruth... I thought of thee.

They sang of love, and not of fame;  
Forgot was Britain's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang “Annie Lawrie.”

—Bayard Taylor, *The Song of the Camp*.

Ruth the beautiful. See *Ruth*, l-iv.

Page 33. l. 49ff.—thoughts... like pine trees, etc. The imagery is sombre here, suggesting the thoughts of pain, the *Weltschmerz*, that dim all present joys. Yet behind this cloud is the Gleam of Sunshine (cf. l. 47) of her remembered presence, shining on the happy past.

## EVANGELINE.

**Historical note.\*** The question of the justice of the removal of the Acadians has been decided at the tribunal of history, and the necessity of a just and cruel proceeding generally admitted even by historians of this humanitarian age. It is well, therefore, at the outset to clear our historical consciences on the subject, so that we may enjoy the lasting memorial that Longfellow's fancy has raised to that unfortunate people undisturbed by its historical inaccuracy. This is especially necessary when the expatriation is an implied blot on that Government whose policy of colonization throughout the world has been a policy of conciliation.

Cadle, Acadie, is the French corruption of the Micmac Indian word signifying place, corrupted likewise by the English into *quoddy*, as in Passamaquoddy. It designated roughly the region in which in 1604 De Monts planted the first French colony of Port Royal. This colony was not left undisturbed, for in 1620 the English took possession

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\*For fuller treatment, see Raynal, *Histoire philosophique... des Européens dans les deux Indes*, Paris, 2nd ed. 1775; Halliburton, *Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, Halifax, 1829; Akins, *Public Documents of Nova Scotia*, 1869; Anderson, "Evangeline" and "The Archives of Nova Scotia;" or the Poetry and Prose of History, Trans. Lit. and Hist. Soc. of Quebec, 1879; Hannay, *The History of Acadia*, Lond., 1880; Archibald, *The Expulsion of the Acadians*, Collections of Nova Scotia Hist. Soc., v., 1887. Smith, *History of America*, v.; Parkman, *Montcalm and Wolfe*; Kingsford, *History of Canada*. The documents in justification of the Acadians are largely reinforced by Casgrain, *Collect. de doc. inéd.*, I-III. Québec, 1888-1890.

of Acadia, which they had long claimed by virtue of Cabot's discoveries of 1497. A Scotch colony (hence Nova Scotia) took the place of a French colony at Port Royal. In 1632, however, Charles I. gave the country into French hands, and the same year De Razilly, to the dismay of the English colonists of Massachusetts, resumed the work of French colonization, this time at La Have. In 1642, Charnisay recolonized Port Royal, and established his supremacy over the south coast of what is now New Brunswick. Under Cromwell the English once more became masters of Acadia, but once more by a Stuart, in the Treaty of Breda, 1667, the country was restored to France. The total number of European inhabitants in 1671 was only 441, chiefly settled at Port Royal. In ten years the population had doubled under the attractions of fisheries and fur-trading. But the prosperity of the colony was interfered with by Continental disputes, Port Royal being twice captured by the English, once by Phips in 1680, and again by Nicholson in 1710. Finally the treaty of Utrecht, 1713, gave "all Nova Scotia or Acadia" to Great Britain.

But what was Acadia? To the English it meant Nova Scotia and the country north to the French dominion on the St. Lawrence. The French contended it meant the lower part of Nova Scotia, including the settlements of Port Royal, Minas, and Chignecto. Ultimately the dispute over boundaries resulted in war. But meanwhile, even within the territory they admitted was no longer theirs, the French Government resolved that the English should have little joy of their French subjects. By the Treaty of 1713 the Acadians could within a year remove from the country with their property, or, if they preferred, remain as subjects of the



British Crown. They resolved to remain; but hoping ever for the restoration of the country to France, they secretly resolved to take no oath of allegiance as British subjects. They were, they maintained, Neutrals. In 1715 the oath of allegiance was tendered them and refused. In 1720 it was once more tendered, and again refused. The French of Canada and Cape Breton meanwhile were backing up the Acadians and inciting the Micmacs and Malicites to continual attacks on the English of New England and Nova Scotia. On the accession of George II. the requisition of an oath of allegiance was again made necessary. It was again generally refused, but by 1730 General Phillips had prevailed upon all the Acadians to take the oath, perhaps on the understanding that it should not require them to bear arms.

In 1744 war broke out between England and France. Immediately an expedition left Louisburg, Cape Breton, to reduce the English of Acadia. When the Indians co-operating with the French arrived before Annapolis, the Acadians withdrew all help from the garrison. Aid came from Boston, however, and all attacks were repulsed. The Acadians, it is true, had not actually risen in arms; for, as they said, they were living under a "mild and tranquil government."

In 1745, Louisburg, the 'Dunkirk of America,' the home of privateers that preyed on New England commerce, was destroyed by General Pepperell and an army of artizans and farmers, under orders from Governor Shirley of Massachusetts (see *Eran.*, I. 249, n.) The Acadians, who had illegally sent supplies to the French fortress, refused to supply it now that it was British. When De Villiers made his successful attack on the Massachusetts troops at

Grand Pré, it was Acadians who gave him information and help, and the Acadians as a body resisted all efforts of the Lieutenant-Governor Mascerene to bring the guilty to punishment. In this state of affairs, rapidly growing critical, the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748, restored Louisburg and Cape Breton to France, and gave a new incitement to the hostile temper of the Acadians.

Cornwallis, however, became Governor of Nova Scotia in 1749, founded a town and capital at Halifax, and looked to the safety of the colony by demanding the customary oath of allegiance of the Acadians. The Acadian deputies asked exemption from bearing arms, even should the Province be attacked. The Governor insisted that all should take the unconditional oath before the 25th of October. He was answered,—“The inhabitants have resolved not to take the oath.” Meanwhile the French, relying on their interpretation of the Treaty of Utrecht, fortified the Isthmus, and stirred up the Indians to attacks on the English. La Loutre, missionary to the Micmacs and Vicar-General of Acadia, made himself notorious in these Indian intrigues, and by threats of Indian attacks and excommunication from the Church kept the simple Acadians in a state of chronic rebellion. In 1750 they asked leave to quit the Province. Cornwallis refused permission till peace was established, lest the forces of the enemy should be increased. The same year the fortress of Beau Séjour (see *Evan.* 1. 249, *n.*) rose on the Isthmus, threatening the safety of Nova Scotia. Then the boundary dispute was transferred to the tribunal of war. Governor Shirley of Massachusetts at once concerted measures with Lieutenant-Governor Lawrence of Nova Scotia to drive the French from the Fundy Basin. Troops were en-

listed in the New England colonies, and Moncton, Winslow, and Scott with 2,000 men left Boston on the 23rd of May, 1755. Joined by 300 regulars at Annapolis they captured Pont à Buot, Beau Séjour and Fort Gaspereau, clearing the French from the Isthmus. Three hundred Acadians found in arms in these places were offered free pardon if they would take the oath of allegiance; they refused.

But there was left this body of eight thousand people, all secretly, some openly hostile to the Government. How could the Province be made safe from these? Lawrence resolved that the Acadian trouble should end. The oath was sternly required of the Acadian deputies. They refused to take it. "On the one side was the full enjoyment of their lands, the free exercise of their religion, and the protection of the British flag, coupled with the condition that they would become British subjects; on the other side was exile and poverty. They chose the latter." Moncton was given charge of the Acadians of the Isthmus, Winslow of those of Minas (Grand Pré), Handfield, those of Annapolis Royal). Of the three, only Col. Winslow was completely successful. However, 3,000 Acadians were taken prisoners by the New England troops, safely and carefully embarked on transports, and sent as a public charge to the colonies of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, and even the British West Indies. Some of the exiles, tempted by the French population on the Mississippi, made their way to Louisiana, where their descendants are to-day a numerous and peculiar people. Most of the Acadians, after great hardships, returned to their brethren in Nova Scotia who had escaped transportation or had not emigrated to Canada, and eventually became a prosper-

ous, loyal population, as their hundred thousand descendants to-day are, a bulwark of our state.

Such is the story of the Acadians, as history sees it in the light of the documentary evidence. Those who would attach odium to Nova Scotia that ordered, or New England\* that executed the expulsion, should weigh the words of a great soldier and a humane man, fully cognizant of all the facts,—*Although it is a disagreeable part of duty we are put upon, I am sensible it is a necessary one.*†

The composition and publication of "Evangeline." Hawthorne in his American Note-books, Oct. 24, 1839, makes this entry:—"H. L. C[onolly] heard from a French-Canadian [Mrs. Haliburton] the story of a young couple in Acadia. On their marriage-day all the men of the province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off, to be distributed through New England, among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him; wandered about New England all

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\*" If the expulsion be a stain on the annals of Nova Scotia, it is a stain from which Massachusetts cannot be free. It was a Massachusetts governor who devised the scheme. It was the soldiers of Massachusetts that drove the French from their encroachments in our territory beyond the Missequash. It was Massachusetts officers, and Massachusetts soldiers, who carried out the decree of expulsion, at the heart and centre of the Acadian settlements, at that very Grand Pré which the poet has made a household word. It was Massachusetts vessels, chartered from Massachusetts merchants, officered and manned by Massachusetts captains and crews, that carried the poor Acadians into exile. It is clear, therefore, that if there be any scutcheon smurched by the transaction, it is specially that of the country and home of the poet."—Archibald, *N. S. Hist. Soc.* v. 15.

†Lieut. Col. John Winslow to Lieut.-Gov. Lawrence (Haliburton, i. 332; *N. S. Hist. Soc.* iii. 85).

her lifetime; and at last, when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his death-bed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise." Once when Hawthorne and Mr. Conolly dined at Craigle House, Mr. Conolly told the story, and expressed his regret that he had vainly endeavoured to interest Hawthorne in it. Longfellow remarked to Hawthorne, "If you really don't want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem." And Hawthorne consented.

It is easy by the help of Longfellow's *Journal* to follow the composition of the poem:—1845, Nov. 28th.—Set about 'Gabrielle,' my idyl in hexameters, in earnest. I do not mean to let a day go by without adding something to it, if it be but a line. F. and Sumner are both doubtful of the measure. To me it seems the only one for such a poem. 1845, Dec. 7th.—I know not what name to give to—not my new baby, but my new poem. Shall it be 'Gabrielle,' or 'Celestine,' or 'Evangeline'? 1846, Jan. 12th.—The vacation is at hand. I hope before its close to get far on in *Evangeline*. Two cantos are now done, which is a good beginning. Ap. 5th.—After a month's cessation resumed *Evangeline*, the sister of mercy. I hope now to carry it on to its close without a break. Dec. 10th, 1846.—Made an effort, and commenced the second part of *Evangeline*. Dec. 17th.—Finished this morning, and copied the first canto of the second part of *Evangeline*. The portions of the poem which I write in the morning. I write quickly, standing at my desk here [by the window], so as to need no copying. What I write at other times is scrawled with a pencil on my knee in the dark, and has to be written out afterwards. 1847, Jan. 26th.—Finished second canto of Part II. of *Evangeline* (see *Evang.* l. 873 n.), Feb. 1st.—

Worked busily and pleasantly on *Evangeline*,—  
canto third c? Part iL. It is nearly finished. *Feb.*  
*23rd.*—*Evangeline* is nearly finished. I shall com-  
plete it this week with my fortieth year. *Feb. 27th.*  
—*Evangeline* is ended. I wrote the last lines this  
morning.

*Evangeline* was published in 1847. The text of  
the poem was constantly under the poet's eye, and  
received slight polishing touches from edition to  
edition. The present text is that of the Quarto Il-  
lustrated Edition, the last issued under the poet's  
hand. I have examined numerous editions, 1st,  
6th, 9th, etc., and give all the variations in the  
notes.

**Sources.** The general theme of the poem is, we  
have seen, founded on a traditional story. For the  
historical setting the poet had recourse to Halibur-  
ton, *Historical and Statistical Account of Nova*  
*Scotia*, Halifax, 1829. The Arcadian picture of the  
inhabitants of Grand Pré rose from the fanciful po-  
litical sketch of the Abbé Raynal. Watson's *Annals*  
*of Philadelphia*, the *Pennsylvania Historical Col-*  
*lections*, Darby's *Geographical Description of*  
*Louisiana*, Gayarre's *History of Louisiana*, and  
Kipp's *Early Jesuit Missions in North America*, and  
even a Panorama of the Mississippi (*Journal*, Dec.  
17, 19, 1846) helped the poet through the last part,  
at least "so far as facts and local coloring go."  
(*Journal*, Jan. 7, 1847.)

**Metre.** The classical hexameter (Gk. *hex*, six,  
*metron*, measure), the metre of the ancient epics,  
the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey* and the *Æneid*, means an un-  
rimed line of six feet, the first four of which are  
dactyls (— ∪ ∪, i. e. long syllable followed by two  
short syllables) or spondees (— —), the fifth al-  
most invariably a dactyl, and the sixth usually a

spondee. For example, the opening line of the *Æneid*.—

Arma virumque canō, Trōjæ quī prīmus ab ōris  
would be read.

— — — | — — — | — — — | — — — | — — —  
The ending of a word within the foot, cuts the measure, and the one chief cutting (*cæsura*) has a cæsural pause (||). The general formula for the classical hexameter is then

— — — | — — — | — — — | — — — | — — — | — — —  
— — — | — — — | — — — | — — — | — — — | — — —

Imitations of this metre have not been lacking in any modern literature. The most famous of German hexameters is Goethe's lovely idyll of *Hermann und Dorothea*, beginning:—

Hab' ich den Markt and die Strassen doch nie so  
einsam gesehen!  
Ist doch die Stadt wie gekehrt! wie ausgestorben!  
nicht fünfzig  
Däucht mir, bleiben zurück von allen unsern Be-  
wohnern.

In English, Coleridge, Southey, Clough, Kingsley, to mention only writers of the nineteenth century, were all writers of hexameters. A few lines from two of these are not out of place as comparisons with Longfellow's manner.

There is a stream (I name not its name, lest inquisi-  
tive tourist  
Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get it at last into  
guide-books).  
Springing far off from a loch unexplored in the folds  
of great mountains.  
Falling two miles through rowan and stunted alder,  
enveloped,  
Then for four more in a forest of pine, where broad  
and ample  
Spreads, to convey it, the glen with heathery slopes  
on both sides;  
Broad and fair the stream, with occasional falls and  
narrows;

But, where the glen of its course approaches the  
vale of the river,  
Met and blocked by a huge interposing mass of  
granite,  
Scarce by a channel deep-cut, raging up, and raging  
onward,  
Forces its flood through a passage so narrow a lady  
would step it.  
—(C'lough, *The Bothie (Hut) of Tober-na-Vuolich*,  
1848.

Over the sea, past Crete, on the Syrian shore to the  
southward,  
Dwells in the well-tilled lowland a dark haired  
Æthiop people,  
Skillful with needle and loom, and the arts of the  
dyer and carver.

—Kingsley, *Andromeda*.

It is not hard to see that the effect of the English hexameter is decidedly different from the effect of the classical hexameter. English words are never perfect spondees, and even fairly perfect spondees are rare. Metre in English is primarily a relation of accented and unaccented syllables, and accent need not imply a long syllable. Hence in any lengthy work English hexameters are but a translated classical hexameter—a substitution of accented syllables for long syllables, of English trochee ('x) for spondee.\*

In seeking a metre for a poem on the expulsion of the Acadians, Longfellow naturally took as a

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\*Of the genuine ancient, or pure dactylic hexameter verse, the English is altogether incapable; not only because no language whose poetry is founded on elocutional principles can, without most gross solecism, exactly imitate the rhythm of a language whose poetry is founded on the rules and practice of music, but there are not a sufficient number of pure dactyls and pure spondees in the English language to make the imitation possible for any length of time.—Blackie, *Horæ Hellenicæ*, p. 233. See also Arnold, *On Translating Homer*, and Spedding, *Reviews and Discussions*.



model the metre of that idyll which depicts the sufferings of the Lutherans expelled from Salzburg. —*Hermann u. d. Dorothea*. It is no slight testimony to his metrical genius that he has used the hexameter with such delicate modulations, such sweetness and variety of rhythm, such harmony of theme and expression that one may say that, by a poem as widely read as any of this age, he has enriched English poetry with a new instrument of expression.

**Translations.** No better proof of the charm of *Erangeline* could be given than the numerous translations that have been made. Germany has at least six versions, Sweden three, France three, Italy two, Portugal two, in addition to versions in Danish, Spanish, and Polish. In Le May's translation we have a national interest. From it and from a German version I draw these few lines.

Salut, vieille forêt! Noyés dans la pénombre  
Et drapés fièrement dans leur feuillage sombre,  
Tes sapins résineux et tes cèdres altiers,  
Qui se bercent au vent sur le bord des sentiers,  
Jetant à chaque brise, une plainte sauvage,  
Ressemblent aux chanteurs qu'entendait un autre  
Âge.

Aux Druides anciens dont la lugubre voix  
S'élevait prophétique au fond d'immenses bois!  
Et l'océan plaintif vers ses rives brumeuses  
S'avance en agitant ses vagues écumeuses,  
Et de profonds soupirs s'élèverent de ses flots  
Pour répondre, O forêt, à tes tristes sanglots.  
—L. Pamphile Le May, *Erangeline*, 2me ed., Québec,  
1870.

Dies ist des Urwaldes Pracht! Die wispernden Tannen  
und Fichten,  
Moosigen Barten, im Kleid, das grün, und versch-  
wommen in Zwiellicht,  
Stehen Druiden gleich sie, mit düster prophetischen  
Stimmen  
Stehen wie Harfner sie grau, mit Bärten über die  
Brust hin.  
Laut aus dem Abgrunde rauschet die wilde See in  
der Nähe

Und im Echo verhallt des Waldes Jammer und  
Klage.

—*Evangeline*, übersetzt von Karl Knortz, Leipzig,  
1872.

**Page 35. l. 1.—This is the forest primeval.** Already the words have come to have the suggestiveness of the opening phrase of the *Iliad* or the *Æneid* (Holmes).

**l. 2.—garments green.** The absence of rhyme throws the poet upon subtler devices of musical undertone. These fall, it will be noticed, into three chief classes, instances of which constantly recur, giving rise to the characteristic style of the poem. They are: first, *Alliteration*, the ringing of initial sounds, as here; second, *Repetition* of words and phrases, often in the form of anaphoras, as in ll. 3, 4; 7, 9; 16, 17, etc.; and third, *Refrain*, or the recurrence, time and again, of particular modes of thought or strains of melody. This last lyrical characteristic constitutes one of the greatest charms of the poem.

**l. 3.—Druids.** Priests of the Celtic peoples of Gaul and Britain. Cf. *Evang.*, l. 890. "The Druids—for that is the name they give their magicians—hold nothing more sacred than the mistletoe and the tree that bears it.... It is very probable that the priests may have received their name from the Greek name for that tree [*drus*, oak]. The mistletoe, however, is rarely found upon the robur [oak]; and when found is gathered with rites replete with religious awe.... On the fifth day of the moon.... clad in a white robe, the priest ascends the tree, and cuts the mistletoe with a golden sickle, which is received by others in a white cloak."—Pliny, xvi. (Bohn).

**eld.** Here, olden times, antiquity (AS. *ald*, age). An archaic word favored by Spenser and Thomson, in the sense however of old age.

O cursed Eld: the cankerworm of writs.  
—Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. li. xxxiii.

The whitening snows  
Of venerable eld.  
—Thomson, *Castle of Indolence*, li. xxxi.

l. 5.—its rocky caverns. An imaginative touch. Halliburton says of the coast of Nova Scotia: "The appearance of the sea coast is generally inhospitable, presenting a bold rocky shore... The southern margin is rugged and broken, with very prominent features, deep indents and craggy islands, and ledges inserted into the sea... The features of the northern coast are soft and free from rocks" (li. 3).

l. 6.—answers the wail. Inversions for emphasis and metre are so frequent in *Evangeline* as to form a marked characteristic of the poem.

l. 8.—Leaped like the roe. A biblical comparison. "Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains.... My beloved is like a roe," *Song of Solomon*, li. 8f. This simile is thought to anticipate the tragedy of the story.

Page 36. l. 15.—nought but tradition remains.... Grand-Pré. Pronounce *gron(g)' prâ'*. The village was situated on the Minas Basin, near the east bank of the estuary of the Gaspereau. "No traces of it are now to be seen, except the cellars of the houses, a few aged orchards, and willows."—Halliburton, li. 115. These still mark the ancient site, near the present village of Grand Pré. In the outskirts at the cross-roads the credulous stranger is now shown the site of Basil's forge. The men of the village were only nine in number in Winslow's list (*N. S. Hist. Coll.*, iii. 122).

l. 18.—sung by the pines. The first touch of refrain: cf. l. 1 and l. 2, *n.*

l. 19.—Acadie (*ah eu dâ'*). See Historical Note.

## PART THE FIRST.

1. 20.—the Acadian land. The halo which surrounds the memory of the Acadians, who represent, as it were, a return of the golden age, is entirely due to the Abbé Guillaume Raynal (1713-1796). An ardent supporter of the people in the times preceding the French Revolution, Raynal deepened the impression of the miserable condition of the French peasantry under Louis XVI. by his picture of Acadian happiness of the French colonists in the New World. His work, *Histoire philosophique...des Européens dans les deux Indes*, was published in 1770. His description of Acadia is transferred bodily into Halliburton's history, and is used as poetic material by Longfellow.

History has shown the Acadians to have been superstitious, quarrelsome, litigious—by no means the qualities attributed to them by the Abbé and the poet.

**Basin of Minas.** Pronounce *mē' nas*. The eastern arm of the Bay of Fundy. The tides rise with tremendous current at the entrance (see l. 29, n.), where the dangerous tidal wave is called the *bore*.

1. 22f. **Vast meadows**, etc. "The settlement of the Acadians extended from the mouth of the Gaspereau river to within two miles of Kentville. Satisfied with the abundant crops which were gathered from their diked fields, they gave themselves but little trouble in the cultivation of the upland, seldom extending their clearings beyond the view of the meadows. They had enclosed and cultivated all the Great Prairie [*i. e.*, *Grand Pré*], which then contained 2,100 acres, besides smaller marshes in the Gaspereau, and the Horton river."—Halliburton, II. 116.

Page 37. l. 23.—Giving the village its name, and pasture.

Notice the construction with two senses of "give" (zeugma). Other instances (ll. 173, 408, etc.) show this to be a stylistic peculiarity of the poem.

**flocks without number.** "These immense meadows were covered with numerous flocks. They computed as many as sixty thousand head of horned cattle."—Halliburton, l. 171 (from Raynal).

l. 24. **dikes.** "Their method was to plant five or six rows of large trees in the places where the sea enters the marshes, and between each row to lay down other trees lengthwise on top of each other, and fill up the vacant spaces with clay, so well beaten down that the tide could not pass through it. In the middle they adjusted a flood-gate in such a way as to allow the water from the marsh to flow out at low tide."—Hanney, p. 283.

l. 29.—**Blomidon.** Halliburton, ll. 4, speaks of the "high lands, known by the name of the North mountain, which is washed by the waters of the Bay of Fundy [south shore]. Cape Blomedon, which terminates this chain of hills, presents a grand and imposing appearance; its perpendicular front is of a dark red color, and its head may often be above the mists by which it is encircled." Its height seen (Badeker) is six hundred and seventy feet. With Cape Sharp on the north side, it guards the wild entrance to the Basin of Minas.

#### BLOMIDON.

This is that black rock bastion, based in surge,  
Pregnant with agate and with amethyst,  
Whose foot the tides of storied Minas scourge,  
Whose top austere withdraws into its mist.  
This is that ancient cape of tears and storm,  
Whose towering front inviolable frowns  
O'er vales Evangeline and love keep warm—  
Whose fame thy song, O tender singer, crowns.

Yonder, across these reeling fields of foam,  
Came the sad threat of the avenging ships.  
What profit now to know if just the doom,  
Though harsh! The streaming eyes, the praying  
lips,  
The shadow of inextinguishable pain,  
The poet's deathless music—these remain!  
—Charles G. D. Roberts, *Songs of Common Day*.

l. 30.—**sea-fogs.** "The cloud cap summit of the  
lofty cape that terminates the chain of the North  
mountain."—Halliburton, II. 115.

l. 33.—**Strongly built were the houses.** "Their hab-  
itations, which were constructed of wood, were ex-  
tremely convenient, and furnished as neatly as sub-  
stantial farmers' houses in Europe."—Halliburton,  
I. 171 (from Raynal). The poet's description is a  
reminiscence as well of scenes in Normandy. (Cf.  
*Outre-mer*, I.) It recalls in the 'projecting gables'  
a feature of the peasants' houses of Quebec, and  
of the Acadians of Louisiana to-day. See l. 891, *n*.  
**hemlock.** As late as 1869, this read, chestnut.

l. 34.—**the peasants of Normandy.** The poet as-  
sumes that the Acadians were chiefly of Norman  
origin, and moulds all details of costumes, super-  
stitions, etc., in harmony with his assumption.  
But see l. 209, *n*.

l. 34.—**the Henries.** France took possession of  
Acadia and began her attempts at colonization in  
the reign of Henry IV. (1553-1610) of France. His  
predecessor was Henry III. (1551-1586).

l. 35.—**dormer-windows.** Vertical windows insert-  
ed in the sloping roof. (OFr. *dormeor*, Lat. *dormi-  
terium*, a sleeping room.)

Page 38. l. 39.—**snow-white caps.** The visitor to  
French country districts never fails to notice, es-  
pecially on market days, the picturesque muslin  
headgear of the women, elaborate, starched, pure  
white.

kirtle. Either an upper or lower outer garment; usually, however, the outer petticoat.

l. 40f.—**spinning the golden Flax.** "Their usual clothing was in general the produce of their own flax, or the fleeces of their own sheep; with these they made common linen and coarse cloths."—Halliburton, l. 171 (from Raynal).

l. 49.—**The Angelus.** For the Angelus-bell; cf. *Evang.*, l. 508. *Angelus domini nuntiavit Mariam*, etc., is the Latin rendering of *Luke* i. 28. The first word is taken as the name of a short exercise in commemoration of the Incarnation, which is said by Roman Catholics at morning, noon, and sunset. The bell rung (thrice three strokes) to indicate the time of the exercise is termed the Angelus-bell, or simply, the Angelus.

Page 39. l. 52.—**Thus dwelt together in love, etc.** "Their manners were of course extremely simple. Whatever little differences arose were settled amicably by the elders.... Real misery was unknown, and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved, as it were, before it could be felt and without ostentation on the one hand and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren; every individual of which was equally ready to give, and to receive, what he thought the common right of mankind."—Halliburton, l. 171f. (from Raynal).

l. 53.—**dwellings were open as day and the hearts**

He hath a tear for pity and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity.

—Shakspeare, *II. Henry IV.*, iv. iv.

l. 59.—**Benedict Bellefontaine.** Pronounce *bell' fon tăn'.*

Page 40. l. 63.—**An oak.... snowflakes.** Like good old Adam,—

My age is like a lusty winter  
Frostily but kindly.

—As You Like It, II. III.

l. 66.—black as the berry . . . on the thorn. The sloe or blackthorn. Its berries have a blackish bloom.

l. 70.—ale. However "their ordinary drink was beer and cyder, to which they sometimes added rum."—Halliburton, l. 171 (from Raynal).

l. 72.—priest with his hyssop. In the Roman Catholic service, while the choir sings *Asperges me hyssopo et mundabor*, Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop and I shall be cleansed, *Ps.* II. 7, the priest sprinkles the congregation with holy water. The exact nature of the scriptural hyssop (see *Hebr.* ix. 19) is not known. The modern hyssop, growing freely in gardens, is an aromatic plant with blue purple flowers (*hyssopus officinalis*).

l. 74.—chaplet. "The rosary is divided into three parts, each consisting of five decades [groups of ten], and known as a corona or chaplet." *Cent. Dict.* But popularly the word is taken as the name of the whole rosary or string of beads used by Roman Catholics in counting their prayers.

missal. (OFr. *missal*, Late Lat. *missalis*, of the *missa*, mass.) The book containing the various prayers, collects, epistles, gospels, etc., necessary in the service of the mass.

Page 41. l. 84.—Sycamore. In America, the button-wood or plane-tree, the largest deciduous tree of the United States; it abounds on the banks of the great rivers of the middle states . . . sometimes called the Cotton Tree, from the wool which covers the underside of the young leaves (Chambers). It is not a Nova Scotia tree (Michaux, *N. A. Sylva*.)  
wood-bine. Honeysuckle, called wood-bine or wood-bind from its habit of twining about trees.



l. 87.—**penthouse**. Shed with sloping roof and usually open sides. The word is corrupted from *pentice*, OFr. *appentis*, from Lat. *appendicium*, appendage.

**Page 42.** l. 93.—**wain**. AS. *wagn*, hence the same word, now archaic, as wagon. (Cf., for a similar vocalization of *g*, AS. *fæger*, fair.)

**antique**. See *Old Clock on the Stairs*, l. 3, *n*

l. 94.—**seraglio**. (*ser al' yo*). Lit., the palace of the Sultan, of which the *harem* or women's palace forms a part. The allusion is of course to the latter.

"They reared a great deal of poultry of all kinds, which made a variety in their food at once wholesome and plentiful."—Halliburton, l. 171 (from Raynal).

l. 96.—**the penitent Peter**. *Matth.* xxvi. 74f; see *A Gleam of Sunshine*, l. 31, *n*. The purpose of an allusion is to deepen the impression of the thought by apt and harmonious suggestion of well-known scenes or incidents. It is necessary that these contain elements of a similar, and yet much more impressive nature, otherwise the allusion will either seem far-fetched or add nothing to the impressiveness of the thought. The story of Peter has no harmonious connection with the thought of l. 95.

l. 100.—**dove-cot**....with its meek innocent inmates. The picture of the dove as the symbol of faithfulness in love is an "amiable error" of the early fathers, continued by the curious medieval bestiaries, without alas! any warrant in science.

**Page 43.** l. 102.—**noisy weathercocks**. Compare the lovely picture of silence suggested by "the silent weathercock," in *The Ancient Mariner*, l. 479.

l. 107.—**touch**....the hem of her garment. See *Luke* viii. 43f.

l. 111.—**Patron Saint.** During the middle ages it came to be believed that particular saints were specially watchful over particular trades, or places, or persons; they were accordingly designated patron saints.

Page 44. l. 115.—**Gabriel Lajeunesse.** Pronounced (*Gah brē el' lah zhū nes'*).

l. 118.—**the craft of the smith....in repute.** Especially was it held in repute among warlike nations, as the myths of Vulcan, Weland, etc., show. Longfellow sings the glory of the smith's calling in *The Village Blacksmith*, and scatters references to it through many other poems, *Nuremberg*, *To a Child*, etc. The poet's great-great-grandfather was a blacksmith, but he might well on other grounds praise this noble craft of workers in iron.

l. 120.—**Father Felician** (*fe lish' an*). The name (from L. *felix*, happy) is suggestive of his character and influence. "We are now happy to recognize in Father Felician the faithful minister of the Master....the apostle of peace and good-will among men, and who was the type of such priests as M. Bailly whom the English delighted to honor."—Anderson, p. 26f.

l. 122.—**Plain-song.** Simple music sung in unison, used in the Christian church from very early times. "This body of melodies includes a great variety of material adapted not only to every part of the liturgy, but to the several seasons of the Christian year. Plain-song melodies are distinguished by adherence to the medieval modes, by independence of rhythmical and metrical harmony. Their effect is strikingly individual, dignified and devotional. The style as such is obligatory in the service of the Roman Catholic Church" (*Century Dictionary*).

Page 45. l. 128.—**Lay like a fiery snake.** A reference to

the tire which must be expanded by heat before being placed on the wheel.

l. 133.—**nuns going into the chapel.** Other French sayings of a like kind are,—“They are guests going to a wedding, Soldiers going to war.”—Malfroy, *Poèmes de L.*

l. 137.—**wondrous stone.** Longfellow drew his many references to the superstitions of the Acadians, chiefly from *Contes populaires, préjugés, patois, proverbes, noms de lieux, de l'arrondissement de Bayeux* [Normandy]... par Frédéric Pluquet, Rouen (1825), 2nd ed. 1834. I translate the extracts.

Concerning the swallow Pluquet writes:—*“Swallow.* If the eye of one of the young ones is put out, she (the swallow) seeks on the sea-shore a little stone with which she restores its sight. He who is fortunate enough to find the stone in the nest possesses a miraculous remedy.”—Tr. from *Contes*, etc., p. 42.

Page 46. l. 142.—**ripened thought into action.** Those who came in contact with him were stimulated to undertake what else had remained a thought.

l. 144.—**“Sunshine of St. Eulalie.”** St. Eulalie, a young Spanish maiden (290-303) who died a martyr during the persecutions of Diocletian. See the third Crown-song of Prudentius. The popular saying concerning her feast-day—the 12th of February—is preserved by Pluquet.

“Sainte-Eulalie—

Si le soleil rit le jour de sainte Eulalie,  
Il y aura pommes et cidre à folie.

[If the sun laughs on St. Eulalie's day, there will be apples and cider in abundance.]

—Pluquet, *Contes*, p. 130.

## II.

l. 149.—the sign of the Scorpion. A reminiscence of Chaucer, who was fond of indicating seasons by the position of the sun in the zodiac. The sun appears to enter his course through the stars of the Scorpion on the 23rd of October, so this line can be reconciled only with difficulty with ll. 152, 158.

l. 150.—Birds of passage. Migratory birds.

Page 47. l. 153.—as Jacob of old. *Gen.* xxxii. 24ff. Cf. *Evang.*, l. 96, n.

l. 159.—Summer of All-Saints. Various French names for Indian summer are derived from the saint's days near which the fine days come:—*l'été de la Toussaint*, the summer of All-Saints (feast-day, Nov. 1st); *l'été de la Saint-Denis*, (feast-day, Oct. 9th); *l'été de la Saint-Martin* (feast day, Nov. 11th).

l. 162.—restless heart of the ocean. A refrain from l. 5.

Page 48. l. 169.—sheen. Cf. *A.M.*, l. 56, n.

l. 170.—the plane-tree the Persian adorned. "Where it quits Phrygia and enters Lydia the road separates; the way on the left leads into Caria, while that on the right conducts to Sardis....Xerxes, who chose this way, found here a plane-tree so beautiful, that he presented it with golden ornaments, and put it under the care of one of his Immortals.—Herodotus, vii. 31 (Rawlinson). The story is commented on by Elian, *Various Stories*, ii. 14.

Page 50. l. 194.—Into the sounding pails, etc. Notice the onomatopoetic effect. The following line has been compared as depicting the same subject,

And you came and kissed me milking the cow.  
—Tennyson, *Queen Mary*, iii. v.

l. 197.—**valves.** Leaves of a folding door.  
 Page 51. l. 206.—**As shields of armies the sunshine.**

The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,  
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.

—Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott*.

l. 207.—**carols of Christmas.** The *noëls* of French peasants are a distinct order of composition, some of great antiquity and beauty.

l. 209.—**Their Norman orchards. . . Burgundian vineyards.** Normandy is the country of apples as Burgundy (Central Eastern France) is of the grape. "In Normandy the young people almost always sing while at their work. In Burgundy the grape gatherers make the slopes resound with their joyous songs."—Malfroy, *Poèmes de Longfellow*.

The Acadians, however, were neither Normans nor Burgundians. "The people of Acadia are mainly descendants of the colonists who were brought out to La Have and Port Royal by Isaac de Razilly and Charisay between the years 1633 and 1638. The former brought out some forty families of colonists, and the latter twenty families, most of whom appear to have remained in Acadia, and commenced the cultivation of the soil. These colonists came from Rochelle, Saintonge, and Poitou, so that they were drawn from a very limited area in the west coast of France, covered by the modern departments of Vendée and Charente Inférieure. . . . They came from a country of marshes, where the sea was kept out by artificial dikes, and they found in Acadia similar marshes which they dealt with in the same way."—Hannay, p. 282f. Add to this that sixty individuals from Rochelle in 1671 and sixty or seventy others, mostly disbanded soldiers, chiefly from Paris, 1686-1710, joined the earlier colonists. Hannay, p. 291.

l. 211.—**Spinning flax**, etc. Cf. l. 40ff. The simplest form of spinning is that by the use of the distaff and spindle. A bunch of flax is held on a staff, one end of which is stuck in the belt. The spindle, a smaller piece of wood, having the thread attached, is made to revolve and remove from the spinner, thus drawing out a twisted thread from the flax. In the spinning-wheel the spindle revolves by means of a wheel moved by an occasional push of the hand.

l. 217.—**The clock clicked**. Cf. *Old Clock on the Stairs*, l. 17f.

Page 52. l. 223.—**Basil**. Pronounce, *baz' il*.

l. 228.—**The harvest-moon**. The full moon nearest the 21st of September, the autumnal equinox. "At that season the moon, when nearly full, rises for several consecutive nights at about the same hour." *Cent. Dict.*

Page 53. l. 234.—**a horseshoe**. "Horseshoe found brings happiness."—Pluquet, *Contes*, p. 41. Everybody knows it is a sure protection against witches.

l. 237.—**the English ships**. See l. 524, n.

l. 238.—**the Gaspereau**. Pronounce *gas' per o*. In King's County, entering the Minas Basin on the west of the peninsular site of Grand Pré. It rises in Lake Gaspereau, flows through grand and beautiful scenery till "alluvial meadows form the peaceful valley....through which....the river meanders with a gentle current until within a short distance of the post road, when salt marsh is formed by the mingling of its waters with the returning tide."—Haliburton, II, 120.

l. 239ff.—**commanded to meet....in the church**. This device was preferred to hunting the people into captivity. "At a consultation held between Colonel Winslow and Captain Murray, it was agreed

that a proclamation should be issued at the different settlements, requiring the attendance of the people, at the respective points on the same day; which proclamation should be so ambiguous in its nature, that the object for which they were to assemble could not be discerned; and so peremptory in its terms as to ensure implicit obedience."—Halliburton, i. 175.

Winslow's proclamation called the assemblage of the people of Grand Pré, Minas, River Canard, etc.:—"His Excellency being desirous that each should be satisfied of his Majesty's intentions. . . . We order all . . . to attend at the church at Grand Pré, on Friday, the fifth instant [of September, 1775] at three o'clock in the afternoon."—*Ib.* i. 173.

l. 240.—his Majesty. George II., who reigned 1727-1760.

Page 53. l. 240.—Louisburg. In Cape Breton, on the south-east coast. When Acadia became English by the treaty of Utrecht, 1713, the French built this town as a military and naval station. It was taken by the New England forces in 1745, restored by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748; finally besieged and won by the English in 1758.

Beau Séjour. Pronounce *bō sâ zhoor'*; lit., Fair Abode. A powerful French fort built at the head of Cumberland Basin, on the north bank of the Missequash, the present boundary of the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Its erection was begun in 1750, and was intended, with smaller forts at Baie Verte, Pont à Buot, etc., to afford a complete line of defence for the Isthmus. La Loutre made it the headquarters of his intrigues with French, Acadians, and Indians. In 1754, the colonial forces (see Introductory Historical Note) laid siege to Beau Séjour. Verger surrendered the

place in a few days, and its capitulation was accompanied by the fall of Pont à Buot, Fort Gaspareau, etc. The expedition was therefore a complete success. Beau Séjour was renamed Cumberland. To-day the traveller sees "a ruined magazine and the ramparts and embrasures of an ancient fortress....they represent the last effort of France to hold on to a portion of that Province, which was once all her own."—Hannay, p. 360.

"About three hundred Acadians were found in Fort Beau Séjour when it was surrendered, and a number of others came in afterwards and yielded up their arms. They were offered free pardon.... provided they would take the oath of allegiance; but they all refused."—Hannay, p. 381.

**Port Royal.** The noble harbor at the mouth of the Annapolis River caused Champlain who discovered it (1604) to name it Port Royal. The ancient capital of Acadia was founded there in 1604. (See Introductory Historical Note.) It was finally lost by the French in 1710 and was renamed by the English Annapolis Royal, in honour of Queen Anne. After 1749 Halifax was made the capital.

l. 252.—**Arms have been taken from us.** "During the Spring and Summer of 1755 a demand was made on the Acadians to deliver up their guns to the English commandants of the respective forts. This demand was pretty generally complied with." Hannay, p. 389; cf. Halliburton, i. 192.

**Page 55. l. 259.—night of the contract.** The necessary preliminary of marriage was the drawing up of the marriage contract, stipulating the dower of the bride, etc.

l. 260.—**Built are the house, etc.** "As soon as a young man arrived at the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the lands about



it, and supplied him with all the necessities of life for a twelvemonth. There he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him his portion in flocks."—Halliburton, l. 172 (from Raynal).

l. 261.—**glebe**. (OFr. *glebe*, glebe.) Strictly, farming land belonging to the parish church; hence, as here, any farming land (an archaic sense); cf. "the stubborn glebe," of Gray's *Elegy*.

l. 263.—**René Leblanc** (*rē nā' lē blon(y)'*). This character is partly historical. In the petition of the exiled Acadians of Pennsylvania to the King, they allege as proof of their fidelity to the British Crown that "particularly René Leblanc (our public notary), was taken prisoner by the Indians when actually travelling in your Majesty's service, his house pillaged, and himself carried to the French fort, from whence he did not recover his liberty, but with great difficulty, after four years captivity."—Halliburton, l. 189. "As to poor father Leblanc, I shall, with your Excellency's permission, send him to my own place."—Winslow to Lawrence (*ib.* l. 332). But apparently he did not escape the fate of the others. According to the petition, "He was seized, confined, and brought away, with the rest of the people, and his family consisting of twenty children, and about one hundred and fifty grand-children were scattered in different colonies, so that he was put on shore at New York with only his wife and two youngest children, in an infirm state of health, from whence he joined three more of his children in Philadelphia, where he died without any more notice being taken of him than any of us, notwithstanding his many years labor and deep sufferings for your Majesty's service."—*ib.* l. 194 f.

## III.

l. 200.—**notary public.** In France, a public officer who receives and draws up contracts, wills, and other legal obligations,—a function not quite the same as that of our notaries-public.

Page 56. l. 274.—**Children's children**, etc. "Evangeline contains one line,—

Chanting the Hundredth Psalm—that grand old  
Puritan Anthem,

which is metrically perfect; but this is an isolated instance....

Children's children sat on his knee, and heard his  
great watch tick

is almost as bad as can be."—*London Daily News*, in Kennedy's *Life*, etc. The perfect line is, however, from *Miles Standish*, and incorrectly quoted, his great watch tick. Cf. *Evang.* l. 217, n.

l. 276.—in an old French fort. See l. 263, n and l. 303.

l. 280.—**Loup-garou.** Pronounce *loo gah roo'*. (*Loup*+*varou*; Lat. *lupus*, and Germanic, *wer*, man, hence wolfman.) "The *loup-garou*, *varou* or *warou*, which appears to be the *werwolf* of northern peoples, is a man changed into a wolf by the power of some sorcerer. This transformation lasts three or seven years; he runs principally at night, and he can be freed from his enchantment only by wounding him with a key till the blood comes. The old Norman laws, speaking of certain crimes and their punishments, add: Let the guilty be wolf '*warqus esto*,' that is to say, let him be pursued, and killed like a wolf. That perhaps is the origin of the *loup-garou*."—Tr. from Pluquet, *Contes*, p. 15.

The notion of the wer-wolf (A.S. *wer-wolf*) is however much older than the Norman laws. Cf.

the story of Lycan, the Arcadian king, and that of Nicerus, in Petronius, *Sat.*, 61. See Dr. Smith, *The Wer-Wolf, Pub. Mod. Lang. Assoc.*, 1894. Transformation was either voluntary for the indulgence of bestial desires, or involuntary under the influence of magic.

l. 281.—**goblin**. . . . to water their horses. "The goblin, a kind of familiar genius or spirit inhabiting farms, who leads horses to water, feeds them, protects some of them specially, awakens the lazy servants, overturns furniture, puts it out of place and gives vent to bursts of laughter. Almost always he is invisible; only sometimes he takes the form of a fine black horse, presenting himself all saddled and bridled on the highway; but woe to the rider who bestrides the unlucky animal! he kicks up his heels, wheels about, carried off his rider and disappears at last in a pool or quagmire."—Tr. from Pluquet, *Contes*, p. 14f.

l. 282.—**Létiche**. The Létiches, says Pluquet, p. 13, are "animals of a gleaming whiteness, which appear only at night, disappear as soon as you try to touch them, and do no harm. They are, people say, the souls of children who have died unbaptized. I think they are nothing else than the ermine of our regions, a little animal of surprising agility." The ermine is also called the white martin.

Page 57. l. 284.—on Christmas eve the oxen talked. Souvestre relates among his Breton tales one that involves this superstition. A beggar lying in a stable, one midnight on Christmas eve, overheard the ass saying, "Well, cousin, how have things gone with thee since I spoke to thee last Christmas?" The ox responded in a surly tone,—"Was it worth while for the Tri . . . to give us speech on Christmas eve to recompense us for our ancestors' presence

at the birth of Christ, if we are to have a hearer like this vagabond." The talk then passed to the magic powers of five-leaved clover, etc., which the beggar endeavoured later to turn to account.—*Le Foyer Breton, Les Pierres de Plouhinec*, II. 181ff.

"A belief was long current in Devon and Cornwall, and perhaps still lingers both there and in other remote parts of the country, that at midnight, on Christmas eve, the cattle in their stalls fall down on their knees in adoration of the Infant Saviour, in the same manner as the legend reports them to have done in the stable at Bethlehem. Bees were said also to sing in their hives."—Chambers's *Book of Days*, II. 736f. The same superstition in Lancashire, except that the bees hum the Hundredth Psalm.—Harland, *Lancashire Folk-lore*, p. 223, etc.

l. 285.—fever was cured by a spider. "Fever. People cure it by wearing for nine days on the breast a living spider, shut up in a nut-shell."—Tr. from Pluquet, *Contes*, p. 41.

l. 286.—four-leaved clover. "Four-leaved clover renders one invisible."—Pluquet, *Contes*, p. 45.

l. 289.—Father Leblanc. His technical title as a notary would be Master, *Maître*; but see l. 283, n. He had 'cent raisons' to be called father (cf. l. 273).

Page 58. l. 297.—God's name. *Nom de Dieu* is still a common French exclamation,—an abbreviation of *au sacré nom de Dieu!* in God's name.

l. 300ff.—Once in an ancient city. What follows is the substance of an old Florentine story that has been employed in the *Piccolina*, a melodrama by Caiglez and Daubigne (1815), which ends happily, however, and in the *Gazza ladra* ('Thievish Magpie'), an opera of Rossini (1817).

This digression is technically an *Episode*, or sub-

ordinate narrative, arising from the main action but not essential to it. It is a favourite device of the classical poets to lend variety to their story.

**Page 59.** l. 315.—**Ruled with an iron rod.** *Rev.* ii. 27.

**Page 60.** l. 324.—**magpie.** A bird very like a crow, but usually blue in colour with bars of black and white (hence the word "pied"). Its nest, usually built in high trees, is made of sticks plastered inside with earth and lined with grass. The bird's propensity to carry off glittering articles has given rise to many stories, of which the present is the most famous.

**Page 62.** l. 348.—**window's embrasure.** See *Warden of the Cinque Ports*, l. 27, n.

l. 354.—**nine, the village curfew.** (OFr. *courfeu*, for *courrefeu*, 'cover-fire.') The custom of ringing a bell at eight or nine o'clock at night to signify that lights and fires are to be put out, appears to have been general in Europe, even before the time of William the Conqueror, and to survive even to-day in a modified form (the ringing of the bell) in parts of France and America.

**Page 63.** l. 367.—**the precious dower.** A French girl rarely marries without a dowry suitable to her class of life. It is therefore an object of the greatest forethought and care.

l. 371.—**like the tremulous tides.** Cf. *Ancient Mariner*, l. 417ff.

**Page 64.** l. 381.—**out of Abraham's tent.** *Gen.* xxi. 14. Cf. *A Gleam of Sunshine*, l. 31, n.

## IV.

l. 384.—**wavering shadows.**

Among the long, black rafters  
The wavering shadows lay.

—Longfellow, *The Bridge*.

Page 65. l. 386.—golden gates of the morning.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,  
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun.

—Shakspeare, *III. Henry VI.* II. l. 21.

l. 397.—simple people, who lived like brothers.

See l. 52, *n.*

Page 66. l. 404.—stript of its golden fruit. 1st ed.-9th.  
Bending with golden fruit; but changed to present  
reading about 1867.

Page 67. l. 413.—*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, etc.  
pronounce *too lā boor zhwah' de shar' tre*; lit., all  
the citizens of Chartres (in the department of Eure-  
et-Loire fifty miles s. w. of Paris). The name of a  
song composed by Du Caurroy (1549-1609), master  
of the royal music to Henry IV. It has the follow-  
ing words. The English translations of this and  
the following piece are from the *Riverside Evangeline*.

Vous connaissez Cybèle  
Qui sut fixer le Temps;  
On la disait fort belle,  
Même dans ses vieux  
ans.

Cette divinité, quelque  
déjà grand'mère  
Avait les yeux doux,  
le teint frais,  
Avait même certains  
attraits  
Ferme comme la  
Terre.

You remember Cybelë  
Wise the seasons to un-  
fold;  
Very fair, said men, was  
she,  
Even when her years  
grew old.

A grandame, yet by god-  
dess birth  
She kept sweet eyes, a  
color warm.  
And held through  
everything a charm  
Fast like the earth.

Air and words are to be found in *La Clé du Caveau*,  
Pierre Capelle, Paris, 1847.

**Le Carillon de Dunquerque.** Pronounce *lā kah' rē  
yon(g)' dē dun kerk'*. A special tune played by  
the chiming clock of Dunkirk; also the song sung  
to that tune. The music and words are printed in  
the *Clé du Caveau*, cited above.

Imprudent, téméraire  
A l'instant, je l'espère  
Dans mon juste cour-  
roux,  
Tu vas tomber sous mes  
coups!

Reckless and rash,  
Take heed for the flash  
Of mine anger, 't is just  
To lay thee with my  
blows in the dust.

—Je brave ta menace.  
—Etre moi! quelle au-  
dace!  
Avance donc, poltron!  
Tu trembles? non,  
non, non.  
—J'étouffe de colère!  
—Je ris de ta colère.

—Your threats I defy.  
—What! You would be I!  
Come, coward! I'll  
show—  
You tremble? No, no!  
—I'm choking with rage!  
—A fig for your rage.

"Looked over the *Recueil de Cantiques à l'usage des Missions*, etc., Quebec, 1833.... Other airs are *Le Carillon de Dunquerque*; *Charmante Gabrielle*, *Tous des Bourgeois de Chartres*."—*L., Journal*, Ap. 29, 1829.

l. 414.—**wooden shoes.** The *sabots* of the French peasantry.

Page 67. l. 430.—**their commander.** Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow, born in Plymouth, Mass., 1702, died 1774; after General Pepperell, "the most distinguished military leader in New England of that period."

l. 432.—**"You are convened this day,"** etc. Col. Winslow's address is preserved in his MS. Letter-book (Mass. Hist. Soc., Boston\*), and incorporated in Haliburton, of which *L.* makes a free poetical rendering. It reads:—

"Gentlemen,—I have received from His Excellency Governor Lawrence. The King's Commission, which I have in my hand, and by his orders you are convened together to manifest to you, his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of his Province of Nova Scotia; who, for almost half a

\*It is now reprinted with the original spelling and punctuation in *N. S. Hist. Coll.*, iii. 94f.

century, have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions; what use you have made of it you yourselves best know. The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are of the same species; but it is not my business to animadvert but to obey such orders as I receive, and therefore, without hesitation, shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely—that your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown; with all other your effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his Province.

"Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders, that the whole French inhabitants of these Districts be removed; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all these goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit; and hope that in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceable and happy people. I must inform you that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honour to command."

"And he then declared them the King's prisoners."—Halliburton, 1. 176f.



**Page 70.** l. 456.—we never have sworn them allegiance.  
See Introd. Historical Note.

**Page 71.** l.—466.—tocsin. (OFr. *toquesin*,—*toquer*, to strike), signal of alarm by ringing of a bell; hence the alarm-bell itself.

Again the wild alarm sounded from the tocsin's throat.

—Longfellow, *Belfry of Bruges*. —

the clock strikes. Cf. *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, l. 18f. Judging from the many references, the clock seems to have had a curious fascination for the poet.

l. 476.—Father, forgive them. *Luke* xxiii. 34.

**Page 72.** l. 484.—Ave Maria (*ah' re mar ē' ah*). Hail, Mary! A devotion of the Roman Catholic Church, in reference to the salutation *Ave* [*Maria*], *gratia plena*, of *Luke* l. 28.

l. 486.—like *Elijah*. *2 Kings* ii. 11. *Gleam of Sunshine*, l. 31, n.; *Evang.*, l. 96, n.

**Page 73.** l. 490.—level rays. *Hohenlinden*, l. 21.

l. 492.—emblazoned its windows. Emblazon, or blazon (*blā'zn*), generally denotes to describe, depict or paint armorial bearings, as on a shield (OFr. *blazon*, shield); but is also used in a more extended sense of painting or depicting in gorgeous colors.

Where twelve great windows blazon Arthur's wars.  
—Tennyson, *The Holy Grail*.

l. 499.—her spirit within. A biblical phrase; cf. *Isaiah* xxvi. 9; *Job* xxxii. 18, etc.

**Page 74.** l. 507.—the Prophet descending. *Ezodus* xxxiv. 29-35.

l. 511.—till. Read until 1867, until.

## v.

**Page 75.** 1. 524ff.—**Four times the sun had risen, etc.**

"The preparations having been all completed, the 10th of September was fixed upon as the day of departure. The prisoners were drawn up six deep, and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to go first on board of the vessel. This they instantly and peremptorily refused to do, declaring that they would not leave their parents; but expressed a willingness to comply with the order, provided they were permitted to embark with their families. The request was immediately rejected, and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance toward the prisoners, a motion which had the effect of producing obedience on the part of the young men, who forthwith commenced their march. The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was covered with women and children; who, on their knees, greeted them as they passed with their tears and their blessings, while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying, and singing hymns.—This detachment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same scene of sorrow and distress. In this manner was the whole male part of the population of the District of Minas put on board the five transports, stationed in the River Gaspercoux. . . . As soon as the other vessels arrived, their wives and children followed, and the whole were transported from Nova-Scotia. . . . The volumes of smoke which the half-expiring embers emitted, while they marked the site of the peasant's humble cottage, bore testimony to the extent of the work of destruction. For several successive evenings the cattle assembled round the smouldering ruins, as if in anxious expectation of the return of their mas-

ters; while all night long the faithful watch dogs of the Neutrals howled over the scene of desolation; and mourned alike the hand that fed, and the house that had sheltered them."—Hallburton, l. 170ff.

Page 77. l. 552.—voices of spirits. Always associated with music, as in the pictures of Paradise in the Scriptures.

Page 79. l. 549.—in the confusion. "The hurry, confusion and excitement connected with the embarkation."—Hallburton, l. 180.

l. 570.—wives were torn. "Parents were separated from children and husbands from wives, some of whom have not to this day met again."—*Petition of the Pennsylvania Acadians*, Hallburton, l. 194.

l. 577.—kelp. The largest and coarsest sea-weeds.

l. 579.—leaguer. Archaic. The camp of a (besieging) army.

Page 80. l. 582.—its nethermost caves. See l. 5, n.

l. 589.—Silence reigned, etc. Refrain from l. 48ff.

Page 81. l. 597.—Shipwrecked Paul. *Acts* xxvii. 22ff; xxviii, 1.

*Melita* (*mel' it a*). Gk. *Mełira*, the ancient name of the island of Malta. A bay near La Valetta still bears the name of St. Paul, commemorating the tradition that he was shipwrecked there.

l. 601.—face of a clock. Cf. l. 466, n.

l. 605.—Benedicite (*ben e dis' it ē*). The imperative 2nd pl. of *benedicere*, to bless. The beginning of the Latin benediction of the Roman Catholic Church.

Page 82. l. 607.—on a threshold. Quarto edition, on the threshold.

l. 610.—**Raising his tearful eyes.** Until 1867, *Raising his eyes, full of tears.*

l. 615.—**Titan-like.** The Titans were fabled to be the children of Uranus and Gaia. They waged war against Chronos and Zeus whose thunderbolts finally subdued them. In attempting to scale Heaven they piled mountain upon mountain.—Pellon on Ossa (cf. "piling huge shadows," l. 616). They were not hundred-handed, which properly applies to their relative Briar' eus, who fought against them.

**Page 83.** l. 621.—**gleeds.** (AS. *glêd*, a glowing coal.) Burning coals.

**Page 84.** l. 631.—**or forests.** Frequently misprinted, of forests.

**Nebraska.** Or Platte River, formed from two streams rising in Colorado, which meet in Nebraska. It joins the Missouri below Omaha.

**Page 85.** l. 645.—**woke from her trance.** Only the Quarto ed. has, *awoke.*

**Page 86.** l. 657.—**without bell or book.** Without the funeral bell or burial service from the missal.

And each St. Clair was buried there,

With candle, with book, and with knell,

But the sea-caves rung, and the wild waves sung

The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

—Scott, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, vi. xxiii.

The phrase is in common use after the sentence of excommunication, it being followed by the closing of the book, jangling of the bell, and throwing down of the candles.

l. 659.—**Lo! with a mournful sound, etc.** Cf. l. 5 and l. 2, *n.*

## PART THE SECOND.

## I.

**Page 87. l. 668.—household gods.** A classical allusion to the Lares, Manes, and Penates, or household gods of the Romans, divinities of each hearth and family. To remove their images would denote therefore the removal of the family, with all that was most precious in their home life.

l. 669.—**without an end, and . . . example.** See Introductory Note. Most people would prefer being temporarily exiled with the Acadians to being massacred with the Huguenots of France under Louis XIV. or the Jews of Spain under Ferdinand.

**Page 88. l. 674.—savanna.** OSp. *savana*, lit., plain covered with snow, but used by the early Spanish settlers to designate the treeless plains of North America. The word is in common use in the Southern Atlantic States, especially in Florida.

l. 675.—**Father of Waters.** Mississippi: Ind. *Miche Nepe*, Great River, Father of Waters.

l. 676.—**Seizes the hills . . . ocean.**

The moanings of the homeless sea,  
The sound of streams that swift or slow  
Draw down Æonian hills, and sow  
The dust of continents to be.

—Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, xxxv.

Alluvial land forms a very large portion of Louisiana. Darby constantly speaks of the rivers washing away the bluffs, of immense tracts of land made by alluvion.

l. 677.—**mammoth.** Gigantic extinct species of elephant, remains of which are found in Europe and in North America. The burial of bones in the alluvial deposits of great rivers is scientifically accurate.

**Page 90.** l. 705.—*Coureurs-des-Bois*. Pronounce *cu-  
rer' dâ' biwah'*; lit., Runners of the Woods. Bush-  
rangers, men engaged in trading in furs with the  
natives; for the most part of French or French and  
Indian origin.

l. 707.—*Voyageur*. Pronounce *vrah yah zher'*.  
The name given to men who transported the furs  
and supplies from one trading post to another (from  
*voyager*, to travel).

**Louisiana.** At the time of the expulsion of the  
Acadians Louisiana was a colony of France, settled  
by the French, who discovered it, in 1699. All the  
land west of the Mississippi passed by the French  
cession of Louisiana in 1762 entirely into the hands  
of Spain. Of this immense region Louisiana, then  
extending from the Gulf and the ancient Spanish  
possessions on the Mexican frontier northward to  
the 49th parallel (that is, to the present British  
possessions), became again French in 1801, and was  
sold in 1803 to the United States. The price paid,  
something like sixteen million dollars, shows how  
unpopulated and unknown was this immense re-  
gion, the acquisition of which doubled the domain  
of the United States.

l. 711.—*Baptiste*. Pronounce *ba-têst'*.

**Page 91.** l. 712.—to braid St. Catherine's tresses. St.  
Catherine is the name especially of two favourite  
virgin saints, the one who lived in Alexandria at the  
beginning of the fourth century, the other at Sienna,  
Italy, 1347-1380. Both were brides of Christ.

The origin of the expression *coiffer sainte  
Catherine*, to remain unmarried, is obscure. One sug-  
gestion is that it was believed that bridesmaids  
who arranged the bride's hair would soon marry.  
Hence to remain to dress St. Catherine's tresses  
(who never married) would be equivalent to not

marrying at all. A more probable solution is that in France, Spain, and Italy, it was the practice, not yet given over, for maidens to braid the tresses of the saints' images in the church. Therefore when a girl did not marry it was said that she would stay to braid St. Catherine's tresses. So it was said of bachelors that they would remain to bear St. Nicholas' cross.—Quitard, in Larousse, *Dict. XIXme Siècle*.

l. 720.—Affection never was wasted.

I hold it true, what'er befall;  
I feel it, when I sorrow most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.

—Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, xxvii.

Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück  
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

—Schiller, *Piccolomini*, ii. ii.

Page 92. l. 725.—Sorrow and silence are strong.

Oh fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shall know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

—Longfellow, *The Light of Stars*.

l. 732.—shards. (AS, *seard*, shard, tile.) Fragments of pottery, etc. (cf. *potsherd*, *Job*, ii. 8).

l. 733.—O Muse. The invocation is in the manner of the classical poets; frequent in the *Æneid*. It seems antiquated here.

l. 735ff.—a streamlet's course, etc. An interesting parallel is furnished by Wordsworth's description of Coleridge's conversation, which he compared to "a majestic river, the sound or sight of whose course you caught at intervals; which was sometimes concealed by forests, sometimes lost in sand; then came flashing out broad and distinct; and even when it took a turn which your eye could not follow, yet you always felt and knew that there

was a connection in its parts and that it was the same river."

## II.

**Page 93. l. 741.—The Beautiful River.** The Ohio. Incl. *Ohiopekhanne*, White Stream, perhaps in allusion to the white waves raised by the wind. Longfellow translates the French name of the river. In Bonne's map, 1717, in Gayarré, the stream is marked *Ohio ou la Belle R.*

**the Wabash.** A large tributary of the Ohio, entering it on the north bank, not far above the latter's junction with the Mississippi.

**l. 743.—golden stream.** The Mississippi is tinged yellow with the muddy waters of the Missouri.

**l. 749.—kith.** (AS. *cyth*, acquaintance.) In the phrase 'kith and kin,' one's own people, one's kindred.

**few-acred.** Cf. l. 904.

**Page 94. l. 750.—Opelousas** (*op ē loo' san*). The capital of the parish of St. Landry, La., sixty miles west from Baton Rouge. It is situated in the midst of immense meadows,—the prairies of Opelousas, Grand Prairie, Mamon, Calcasin, etc., several million acres in extent (Darby, p. 97ff.).

**the Acadian Coast.** "Between the 1st of January and the 13th of May, 1765, about six hundred and fifty Acadians had arrived at New Orleans, and from that town had been sent to form settlements in Attakapas and Opelousas.—Gayarré, *History of Louisiana*, p. 122. In the month of February, 216 Acadians arrived in Louisiana... Implements of husbandry were distributed to them at the cost of the Government, and they were authorized to form settlements on both sides of the Mississippi, from the German Coast up to Baton Rouge, and



even as high as Point Coupée. Hence the name of *Acadian Coast*, which a portion of the banks of the river still bears."—*Id.*, p. 132.

1. 755.—**chutes** (*shoot*). (Fr. *chute*, fall, cataract, etc.) On the lower Mississippi, a narrow channel with free current.

**plume-like Cotton-trees.** The cotton-wood. Any American poplar. The seeds grow in catkins, covered with cotton-like fibre, giving the tree its name. The plume-like appearance of the poplar has often been remarked.

1. 761.—**Shaded by china-trees.** We are indebted to a gentleman of Mississippi for the following description:—"The China-tree (*Melia Azedarach*) is a tree of the same family as the mahogany, of quick growth, of about thirty feet in height; leaves, bright green; flowers, lilac, star-shaped, in clusters, and fragrant; fruit or berries, bright glassy green, in clusters, yellow and wrinkled when matured, seed covered with a cheesy pulp bitter-sweet in taste, intoxicating to birds, which are often found in great numbers in a helpless condition from eating the fruit. . . . timber, soft and of not much use. There is a variety known as the Umbrella China-tree from its shape, which is the ornament of many of the towns in the south."

The literature of the Southern States has many references to the (Pride of) China trees. In Mr. Cable's novel *Bonaventure*, which depicts the Acadians of Louisiana, we read of "Farms each with its low-roofed house nestled in a planted grove of oaks, or, oftener, Pride of China trees" (p. 1). "Only an adventitious China-tree here and there had been stripped of its golden foliage and kept but its ripened berries, with the red birds darting and fluttering around them, like so many hawking Comanches about a dram-seller's tent" (p. 18.).

Page 95. l. 700. — **Bayou of Plaquemine.** Pronounce *bi'ou, plak mēn'*. A bayou is a stagnant or sluggish channel, an inlet or outlet of a lake or river, etc.

"The Bayou Plaquemine leaves the Mississippi river twenty-two miles below Baton Rouge, flows to the west fifteen miles and falls into the Atchafalaya. The channel of this bayou is...the communicating route between the inhabitants of Opelousas, and...the Mississippi."—Darby, p. 50.

l. 708. — **like a net-work of steel.** "The infinite number of natural canals, that everywhere pervade the state of Louisiana, near the sea coast and the margin of the large rivers, running into each other like net work."—Darby, p. 141.

l. 771 — **banners...on the walls.** As in Henry VII's Chapel in Westminster Abbey. "Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath...above these are suspended their banners, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and contrasting the splendour of gold and purple and crimson, with the cold gray fretwork of the roof."—Irving, *Sketch Book*.

l. 772. — **Death-like the silence.** "To have an idea of the dead silence, the awful loneliness, the dreary aspect of this region, it is necessary to visit the spot. Animated nature is banished; scarce a bird flits along to enliven the scenery. Natural beauty is not wanting, the varied windings and intricate bendings of the lakes relieve the sameness, whilst the rich green of the luxuriant growth of forest trees, the long line of woods melting into the distant sky, the multifarious tints of the willow, cotton, and other fluvial trees, rendered venerable by the long trains of waving moss, amuse the fancy."—Darby, p. 136 (near Atchafalaya)

l. 773.—**the moonlight.** The strain of pathos enters here, making a refrain from l. 349ff.

**Page 96.** l. 782.—**mimosa** (*mī mō' sa*). A large genus of plants (some 280 species), some of which have leaves that close when touched. The best known of these is the sensitive-plant, "a branching annual one or two feet in height, having a great many small leaflets, which are highly sensitive when touched."

**Page 97.** l. 801.—**Canadian boat-songs.** "Canadian" is used loosely here, as if applicable to all the French inhabitants of Canada and Acadia; perhaps also in l. 902.

**Page 98.** l. 803.—**While.** The first nine editions read, And.

l. 805.—**whoop of the crane.** The American or Whooping Crane winters in the South.

l. 807.—**Atchafalaya.** Pronounce *atch ah fa li' a*. It is a Choctaw word, meaning the long river, from *hucha*, river, and *falaya*, long.—Gallatin, in *Schoolcraft*, *Oncôta*, p. 158. The chief of the three outlets of the Mississippi west of the terminal mouths or "passes." It begins at the junction of the Red River with the Mississippi, runs southward for 200 miles, "winding from lake to lake, from swamp to swamp, to the shallow waters of the Gulf, west of the passes" (Reclus, *N. Amer.*, iii. 239 f.).

l. 809.—**lotus.** A general name for the water-lily. The white water-lily is referred to in l. 808. The yellow water-lily in Southern waters easily satisfies the poet's present description. See *Harper's Mag.*, vol. lxxviii.

l. 811.—**magnolia.** The laurel magnolia is found for three hundred miles up the Mississippi. It is usually seventy feet in height, bearing magnificent

follage and white, sweet-smelling flowers, seven or eight inches broad, and of great beauty.—(Michaux, *N. A. Sylva*, II. 8ff.)

**Page 99.** l. 816.—**Wachita willows.** Pronounce *rah' shē tah*. "The Ouachitta flows out of the forest between the Mississippi and Red Rivers, and is lost in the delta of the Mississippi."—Darby, p. 42. Willows are frequent on the river-banks of Louisiana, but I find no indication of the particular species indicated by the poet.

l. 820.—**trumpet-flower.** A climbing shrub with clusters of beautiful trumpet-shaped yellowish red flowers. Longfellow's house, in July (1805), had a blossoming trumpet-flower embowering the whole corner of the piazza.

l. 821.—the ladder of Jacob. Cf. *A Gleam of Sunshine*, l. 31, n.

**Page 100.** l. 837.—**palmettos.** Name of many species of palm having large fan-shaped leaves.

l. 839.—**All.** Early readings, And.

**Page 102.** l. 856.—**Tèche.** Pronounce *tehsh* (e almost as *ā*). This bayou begins in St. Landry parish, of which Opelousas is the chief town, winds southward for one hundred and eight miles to the Atchafalaya, where it is two hundred yards wide and twenty or thirty feet deep. "The great body of the present inhabitants of Attacapas are ranged along the Tèche. The rich emigrants that are removing have generally turned their attention to the Tèche."—Darby, *Louisiana*, p. 142f. (1817.)

**St. Maur.** For St. Mary's, one of the two towns of the district mentioned by Darby.

**St. Martin.** "St. Martin, on the west bank of the Tèche, in the parish of the same name, is the largest [town], containing perhaps 100 houses."—Darby, p. 150.

l. 865.—his golden wand. The wand used in tracing the figures of magic by which the sorcerer effects his charm.

Page 103. l. 873.—mocking-bird, wildest of singers. Longfellow writes in the *Journal*, Jan. 26, 1847:—"Finished second canto of Part II. of *Evangeline*. I then tried a passage of it in the common rhymed English pentameter. It is the song of the mocking-bird:

Upon a spray that overhung the stream,  
The mocking-bird, awakening from his dream,  
Poured such delirious music from his throat  
That all the air seemed listening to his note.  
Plaintive at first the song began, and slow;  
It breathed of sadness, and of pain and woe;  
Then, gathering all his notes, abroad he flung  
The multitudinous music from his tongue,—  
As, after showers, a sudden gust again  
Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain."

l. 878.—*Bacchantes*. Women celebrating with wild orgies the festivals of Bacchus, god of wine. They danced wildly with streaming hair, singing and waving a staff (*thyrsus*) entwined with ivy and crowned with a pine-cone.

Round about him fair *Bacchantes*,  
Bearing cymbals, flutes and thyrses,  
Wild from Naxian groves or Zante's  
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

—Longfellow, *Drinking Song*.

Page 104. l. 884.—the Têche. .green Opelousas. See l. 750, *n.*, and l. 856, *n.* The Opelousas prairie, perennially green, of over a million acres, beginning thirteen miles N. W. of Opelousas, and extending south for nearly sixty miles. The Têche flows through part of it. . . "Here you behold those vast herds of cattle which afford subsistence to the natives. . . . It is certainly one of the most agreeable views in nature, to behold from a point of elevation, thousands of horses and cows, of all sizes, scattered

over the interminable mead intermingled in wild profusion....grazing in a sea of plenty. If the active horseman that guard them would," etc.—Darby, p. 106.

## III.

1. 880.—**Spanish moss.** Or Long-moss (*Tillandsia usneoides*), "with gray, filiform stems and leaves, forming dense pendulous tufts which drape the forests of the southern United States" (*Century Dictionary*).

1. 890.—**Druids.** See 1. 3 n.

**Yule-tide.** Christmas-time. *Geol* was the AS. name of the heathen festival of the winter solstice, commemorated by burning large fires. The Church gave it a Christian character. Pliny does not say the Druids cut the mistletoe especially at Christmas; Longfellow confuses the later custom.

1. 891.—**house of the herdsman.** Describing the Acadian houses on the upper Têche, *Scribner's*, Jan., 1880, reads:—"Embowered in groves of china trees you will find comfortable houses, which are always built in the same plain cottage style, weather-boarded without and plastered within, and with the inevitable *galerie* or porch in front. They vary in nothing but size."

**Page 105.** 1. 890.—dove-cots...love's perpetual symbol.  
See 1. 100, n.

**Page 106.** 1. 910.—**Stood a cluster of trees, etc.**

1st ed. Stood a cluster of cotton-trees with cordage of grape-vines.

"Timber along the rich margin of the Têche is generally composed of hickory, sycamore....oak....elm, linden, laurel magnolia....The muscadine grape-vine and smilax are found entwined round those large forest trees."—Darby, p. 98.

l. 911.—Just where the woodlands meet, etc. See l. 884, n.

l. 912.—Spanish saddle. The saddle-tree is higher in bow and back than in the English saddle. The stirrups have likewise heavy leathern guards.

Page 109. l. 952.—Adayes (*ah dā' es*). "Adaes, Adalze, a tribe of Indians, who formerly lived forty miles southwest from Nachitoches, in the area of country which now constitutes a part of the republic of Texas."—Schoolcraft, *Oncôta*, p. 160. Among these Indians, missions were established by Spanish Jesuits from Mexico, which were abandoned in 1693. Twenty years later Spanish Franciscans founded four stations in the same field. Of these San Miguel de Cuellar, called also *San Miguel de los Aduca*, was situated on the Sabine River (present boundary of Texas and Louisiana), forty miles south-west of Nachitoches. Apparently a fort rose near by, for mention is made of the Presidio of Adaes (Bancroft). In Shea's *Catholic Missions in America*, the station is named Adayes.

l. 953.—Ozark Mountains. They run north-east to south-west, through what is now Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas. In Schoolcraft's *Oncôta* there is a narrative *Adventures in the Ozark Mountains*, which may have furnished some materials for ll. 1078ff.

Page 110. l. 960.—Michael the fiddler. See l. 408.

l. 961.—Olympus (*o lim' pus*). A mountain on the borders of Macedonia and Thessaly, fabled to be the favourite home of the gods.

Page 111. l. 970.—*ci-devant* (*sē dē von(g)'*). Fr., lit., herebefore; hence, former, of the past.

l. 974.—go and do likewise. *Luke*, x. 37.

l. 980.—the dewy moon. (Cf. Milton's "dewy eve." Here the refrain enters again from l. 369.

**Page 112.** l. 984.—**Nachitoches** (*nack & tosh'*). Originally a French settlement among the Natchez Indians. It is in Louisiana, on the Red River.

l. 991.—**All the year round the orange-groves.** The orange tree is remarkable in bearing at the same time blossoms, ripening and ripe fruit.

**Page 113.** l. 1004.—**the fever.** The scourge of the South, the yellow-fever.

l. 1006.—**Cured by . . . a spider.** See l. 285, n.

**Page 114.** l. 1009.—**Creoles.** Native-born inhabitants of the West Indies or Spanish America, born of Spanish or French parents.

l. 1019.—**the giddy dance.** Until the Quarto ed. this read, the dizzy dance.

**Page 115.** l. 1025.—**the sound of the sea, etc.** The refrain of the sea enters again, mingled with the strain descriptive of the moonlight. Here too the continued suspense arising from the reader's interest in Evangeline's search reaches its climax (ll. 1023-1058); henceforth it will moderate with the growing certainty that the search will prove vain. The whole passage may be regarded as the centre of the poem. Artistically it is very effective.

l. 1033.—**Carthusian.** The order of Carthusian monks was founded (1805) by St. Bruno (1040-1101) at Chartreuse, near Grenoble, France. It enjoins a most austere life; monasteries to be built in isolated districts, the monks to live in almost perpetual silence, etc.

**Page 116.** l. 1037.—**the shade.** Until 1867, the brown shade.

l. 1041.—**stars, the thoughts of God.** Cf. l. 352.

l. 1044.—**Upharsin.** Lit., 'they are lacking'; see *Dan.* v. 5-28.



Page 117. l. 1057.—**Patience**, etc. A refrain in form from l. 5f.

oracular caverns of darkness. Allusion to the caves of the sibyl of Cumæ and the oracle of Apollo at Delphi, etc., as well as to the forest of oracular oaks of Dodona, Epirus.

l. 1060.—**Bathed his shining feet**. Adaptation of *Luke*, vii. 38; *John*, xii. 3.

Page 118. l. 1063.—**the Prodigal Son**. *Luke*, xv, 11-32.

l. 1064.—**the Foolish Virgin**. See l. 800. Allusion to *Matth.*, xxv. 1-13.

l. 1068.—**they follow**. As late as 1876, they followed.

l. 1069.—**like a dead leaf**. Refrain from l. 13.

l. 1071.—**found they the trace**. Until latest editions, Found they trace.

Page 119. l. 1074.—**Adayea**. See l. 952, n.

## IV.

l. 1082.—**Oregon**. Or Columbia River, 1400 miles in length, flowing from the Canadian Rockies through Washington and Oregon into the Pacific.

**Walleway**. The poet has changed the name for the sake of the metre,—the Wallawalla, a small river rising on the north border of Oregon, tributary to the Columbia River.

**Owyhee** (ō wī' he). A tributary of the Snake River, which is itself a tributary of the Oregon.

l. 1083.—**Wind-river Mountains**. Part of the Rockies in Wyoming.

l. 1084.—**Sweet-water Valley**. The valley of the Sweet-water River in Wyoming, one of the upper branches of the Nebraska.

l. 1085.—**Fontaine-qui-bout**. Pronounced (fon (f) 'tân kē' bōō'). 'The Gushing Fountain.' Name of a

stream that rises in Pike's Peak and flows into the Arkansas.

the Spanish sierras. Part of the Rockies, chiefly in New Mexico.

Page 120. l. 1001.—*amorphææ*. Shrubs of the bean family, bearing spikes of purple or violet flowers. Bastard indigo is another name for the plant.

l. 1002.—*wandered*. Here and in the following line until 1876 the poet had, *wander*. The change is significant of the progress of western civilization.

l. 1004.—*Fires that blast*. "The highland tracts of the Ozark range....look, in their natural state, more sterile than they actually are, from the effect of autumnal fires. These fires, continued for ages by the natives, to clear the ground for hunting, have had the effect," etc.—*Adventures in the Ozark Mountains, Oneota*, p. 116.

l. 1005.—*Ishmael's children*. Ishmael, son of Abraham and Hagar (*Gen.* xxi. 14ff.), is the reputed ancestor of the Arabs; a proverbial comparison arises therefrom for the nomadic Indians.

l. 1008.—*Like the implacable soul of a chieftain*, etc. A possible reminiscence of Virgil, speaking of Turnus when slain by Æneas.

*Vitaque cum genitu fugit indignata sub umbras.*  
[And his indignant soul fled lamenting amid the shades.]

*Æneid.* xii. 952.

See *Notes and Queries*, 6th Ser., vol. viii. (Feb. 23, 1884).

Page 127. l. 1106.—*At the base of the Ozark Mountains*. That is, *beginning* at the northern and western slopes of the Ozarks, the original destination of Gabriel.

Page 122. l. 1114.—*Fata Morgana* (*fah' tah mor' gah' nah*). Lit. the Fairy Morgana, sister of King Ar-

thur, and an important character in medieval Arthurian romance. One of her works in magic was supposed to be the mirage, the Castle of the Fairy Morgana, seen in the straits of Messina. On a clear, calm morning the spectator, standing on the Calabrian coast and looking towards the straits sees for a brief time, mirrored in the unequally heated layers of air over the Mediterranean, the objects of the Sicilian coast, sometimes gorgeously coloured. The spectacle is greeted by the natives with cries of *Morgana! Morgana!* Longfellow's poem entitled *Fata Morgana* may be compared.

l. 1119.—**Shawnee.** The Shawnees were a vagrant tribe of Algonquin Indians, chiefly dwelling between the Red River, tributary of the Mississippi, and the Canadian River, tributary of the Arkansas.

l. 1120.—**Comanches.** The more usual title is Comanches, a fierce and predatory tribe of Shoshonean stock, who dwelt in (present) Texas, between the Red River and the Rio del Norte.

Page 124. l. 1139.—the tale of the *Mowis* (*mo' w's*). A legend of the Ojibways, narrated by Schoolcraft. A proud and noted belle in an Indian village rejected a handsome suitor. To humble the arrogant beauty the rejected lover gathered up all the bits of rags and finery he could secure, and by the aid of his guardian spirit fashioned them into beautiful garments, which he filled with bones and earth cemented with snow, making the whole into the likeness of a handsome warrior, Moowis, the Dirt or Rag Man. He led Moowis to the village, where the handsome stranger wooed and won the haughty maiden. The morning after the wedding the stranger announced that business called him into a distant region. His bride insisted on accompanying

him. They set out, the husband ahead out of sight of his wife. The sun began to shine, and the wife following his path found his mittens, his moccasins, all turned to rags, but though she wandered on despairing she caught no glimpse more of Moowis. "Moowis, Moowis, you have led me astray—you are leading me astray." And with this cry she continued to wander in the woods.—Schoolcraft, *Oncôta*, New York, 1845, p. 381f. *Tales of a Wigwam*.

l. 1145.—the fair *Lilinau* (*lě lě nō'*). An Ojibway legend, told by Schoolcraft. Leellinau, the favourite daughter of a mighty hunter, dwelt on the shore of Lake Superior. She took no interest in the sports of her companions but delighted to haunt the forest of pines on the shore, a grove sacred to the Indian fairies. At last her parents suspected that some evil spirit had power over her, and set a day for her wedding a young chief. Leellinau, however, refused to marry him. Retiring under her favourite pine-tree and leaning against the trunk, she heard the tree whisper that he was her lover, and would guard her and keep her if she would rove a fairy with him. The night before her wedding day she stole off in her best garments to her lover with the Green Plume. One night fishermen by the Spirit Grove descried something like the figure of Leellinau, and as they landed they saw the lost girl with the green plumes of her lover waving over her forehead, as they glided through the pines.—Schoolcraft, *Algonic Researches*, N. Y., 1839, II. 77ff.

Page 126. l. 1167.—**Black Robe chief.** The cassocked priest. The French Catholic missions were begun on the Mississippi by Marquette, 1673. (See Parkman, *Jesuits in North America*.)

Page 127. l. 1182.—*susurrus*. Lat. *susurrus*, murmuring, whispering, from *susurro*, I whisper.

Page 128. l. 1194.—*suna*. The priest adopts the Indian mode of reckoning.

l. 1199.—Some lone nest. Cf. Wordsworth's *Why art thou Silent*, l. 12.

Page 129. l. 1213ff.—Blushed at each blood-red ear, etc.

"If one of the young female huskers finds a red ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be *crooked* and tapering to a point, no matter what colour, the whole circle is set in a roar, and *ica ge min* is the word shouted aloud.

It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot," etc.—Schoolcraft, *Oncôta*, p. 254.

The whole situation is expanded in *Hiawatha*, xiii., *q.v.*

Page 130. l. 1219.—*compass-flower*. This reference gave the poet a great deal of trouble. In the first ed. he described the plant as 'the delicate flower': 'Its leaves all point to the north'; it is the flower 'that the finger of God has suspended Here on its fragile stalk.' In the sixth ed. it became 'a delicate plant'; in 1867, 'its leaves are turned to the north'; in 1869, 'that the finger of God has planted'; in 1867, 'in the houseless wild.' The whole difficulty arose from the fact that the original description scarcely characterized the *Silphium laciniatum*, or compass-plant, which is neither delicate nor elegant. It is "a tall rough-bristly perennial herb of the aster family of the American prairies, whose larger lower leaves are said to assume a vertical position with their edges turned north and south. Called also *Polar-plant*." See *Stand. Dict.*, which contains an engraving.

l. 1222.—**The blossoms of passion.** If not entirely figurative, this refers to the Passion-flower, a genus of plants chiefly met in the warm districts of America, with gorgeous flowers which early Spanish settlers thought represented our Lord's passion, "the filamentous processes being taken to represent the crown of thorns, the nail-shaped styles the nails of the cross, and the fine anthers the marks of the wounds." Some species have narcotic properties (l. 1224.)

l. 1226.—**nepenthe** (*nē penth' ē*). (Gk. *νη*, not, *πενθος* grief.) "A drug to lull all pain and anger, and bring forgetfulness of every sorrow. Whoso should drink a draught thereof, when it is mingled in the bowl, on that day he would let fall no tear down his cheeks, not though his father and mother died."—*Odyssey*, iv. 219ff, tr. Butcher and Lang.

**asphodel-flowers.** The white asphodel, a sort of lily with a pale blossom. It grows freely in waste places, such as burial-grounds, and so became associated with death. See *Odyssey*, xi. 530; xxiv. 13.

Others in Elysian valleys dwell  
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.  
—Tennyson, *The Lotus-Eaters*.

l. 1229.—**wold.** (AS. *weald*.) Open undulating country.

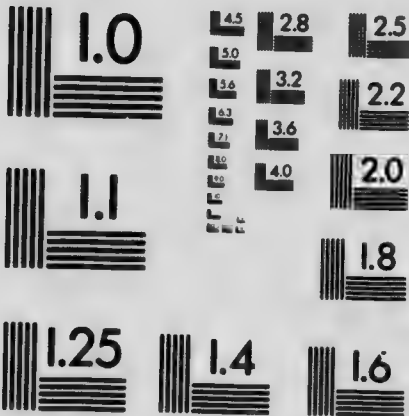
Page 131. l. 1233.—**Saginaw River.** Flows through Michigan into Lake Huron.

l. 1241.—**Tents of Grace...Moravian Missions.** Bohemian Protestants, contemporary with John Huss (1368-1416), became organized as a church, *Unitas Fratrum*, the Unity of the Brethren, in 1467, which spread through Bohemia and Moravia. It was suppressed in 1627, but supposed descendants of the Brethren emigrated in 1722 into Saxony, when they assumed the name of Moravian Brethren.



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From Herrnhut, Saxony, the church spread into Germany, Britain, and America. Mission stations, which still exist, were established at Bethlehem, Nazareth, etc., in Pennsylvania, Salem in North Carolina, etc.

**Tents of Grace.** The early editions have "tents of grace," as if a general name of the Moravian mission stations; in 1867 the reading is that of our text. The term translates Gnadenhutten, the name of a village on the Tuscarawas River, Ohio, founded by the Moravian missionaries in 1773 among the Mohican Indians. Burnt in 1782, it was again in 1797 made the centre of a Moravian settlement from Pennsylvania, whose descendants are still to be found there.

**l. 1242.—battle-fields of the army.** The wars of the Indians and the United States troops.

V.

Page 132. **l. 1253.—in sylvan shade.** the name of Penn. William Penn (1644-1718) was the most influential of the Quakers of his time. His reputation for enlightened philanthropy justifies the term "the Apostle." He founded Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, in 1682, on a bluff covered with pines. "Penn laid out his capital as methodically as the Romans did theirs, when they used to colonize. He rules his streets straight out towards the west, naming them from the trees they displaced, such as cedar, spruce, and sassafras; not as Mr. Longfellow has it, to appease the dryads whose haunts he molested (l. 1257), for he had a horror of the heathen mythology, but because he meant his city to be a rural city, and to rustle eternally with the breath of trees and shrubbery."—Stoddard, *A Century After*, p. 10.

Page 133. l. 1257.—**Dryads** (*drī' ad*). (Fr. *dryade*, Lat. *dryas*, from Gk. *δρῦς*, a tree). In classical mythology, deities or nymphs of the woods.

l. 1260.—**Rene Leblanc**. See l. 263, n.

l. 1264.—**The Thee and Thou of the Quakers**. The characteristic and traditional mode of speech of the Friends, imitating Biblical simplicity. To-day, however, the "thee" has become the nominative as well as the objective case.

l. 1265.—**It recalled the past**. French is characterized by the use of *tu*, thou, among near relations and close friends, while *vous*, you, is a polite singular.

l. 1266.—**Where all men were equal**. Refrain from l. 397.

Page 135. l. 1284.—**Like to some odorous spices**.

Once git a smell o' musk into a draw,  
And it clings hold like precedents in law.  
—Lowell, *Biglow Papers*.

l. 1288.—**Sister of Mercy**. The French order of *Filles de Notre Dame de Miséricorde*, Daughters of our Lady of Mercy, was founded in 1633 by St. Vincent de Paul, "to have for monastery the houses of the sick...for their cloister the streets of the town or wards of the hospital...for veil, holy modesty." It spread rapidly throughout the world. Branches were established in America, but not for some years after the time here described.

l. 1292.—**the watchman**.... "One need not be old to remember those old-time watchmen. How they used to light the lamps early in the evening. How they used to sit in their boxes, on the street-corners, and smoke their clay pipes. How they used to go their rounds, all night long, in the snow, in the rain, in the moonlight and starlight, singing, as they went, the hour and the weather, 'Eleven o'clock, and

a windy night!' 'Three o'clock, and a cloudy morning.'—Stoddard, *A Century After*, p. 157.

**Page 136. 1. 1296.—The German farmer.** The German settlements about Philadelphia are very numerous, as they also are through Pennsylvania. Germantown, one of the suburbs of the city, records an early colony.

1. 1298.—a pestilence fell on the city. The pestilence of yellow fever in 1793. It is the theme of Charles Brockden Brown's novel of *Arthur Mervyn*, and of M. Carey's essay *Yellow Fever in Philadelphia in 1793 (Essays, 1830)*.

1. 1299.—Presaged by wondrous signs. "Among the country people large quantities of wild pigeons in the spring are regarded as certain indications of an unhealthy summer. Whether or not this prognostication has ever been verified, I cannot tell. But it is very certain that during the last spring the number of those birds brought to market was immense. Never, perhaps, were there so many before."—*A Memoir of the Yellow Fever in Philadelphia in 1793*.

**Page 137. 1. 1308.—the almshouse.** The place referred to is disputed. An explanation was once given by Longfellow and published in the *New York Times*:—

"I got the climax of 'Evangeline' from Philadelphia, and it was singular how I happened to do so. I was passing down Spruce street one day toward my hotel after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it inside of a high enclosure. I walked along until I came to a great gate, and then stepped inside and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flower-beds, and shade which it presented made an impression which has never left me, and twenty-four years after, when I came to write 'Evangeline,' I located the final scene,

the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel, and the death, at this poor-house, and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks. It was purely a fancy sketch, and the name of Evangeline was coined to complete the story. The incident Mr. Hawthorne's friend gave me, and my visit to the poor-house in Philadelphia gave me the ground-work of the poem."

The details suit admirably the Pennsylvania Hospital, situated between Spruce and Pine streets, the oldest part of which was erected in 1755. Its walks and flowers are still as charming, and the button-woods and chestnuts as shady as when the poet visited it. But with its new additions it is no longer "meek in the midst of splendor."

Still it was not an "almshouse," and some therefore associate the place with the Friends' Almshouse, now no longer standing. "The Friends' Almshouse, approached by a court from Walnut Street, near Third, is a remaining part of a cluster of wings and tenements begun about 1713, and finished with an edifice fronting on Walnut Street in 1729. It was used exclusively for indigent Quakeresses, and jocularly styled the Quaker's Nunnery; a few 'decayed' Friends are still maintained in seclusion and respectability. Its interest is largely due to the rumor that here the Acadian refugees....might have been tended as described in....'Evangeline.' A mere poetic fiction does not demand the very gravest adherence. If not here, the labors of the gentle French nurse must have been expended in a neighboring edifice, the old City Almshouse at Fourth and Spruce."—Stoddard, *A Century After*, p. 63.

1. 1312.—the words of the Lord. *Matth.* xxvi. 11.

Page 138. 1. 1326.—Christ Church. First erected in 1695, twelve years after the city was laid out. The present church was begun in 1727 and its spire completed in 1754. "The chimes consist of eight bells bought in London in 1754, at a cost there of £500 sterling. . . . They are always chimed on Sundays and holydays, before divine service; and upon public occasions, when request is made."—Dorr, *Hist. Account of Christ Church*, p. 330. They were almost the first chimes in America and attracted great attention. The church boasts of being the cradle of the American Episcopal Church, and of sharing with Faneull Hall, Boston, the renown that gathers about the chief scene of the Revolutionary movement.

1. 1327.—while. First ed., and.

1. 1328.—Swedes. . . . at Wicaco (*wē kah' kō*). The Swedes' Church is the oldest church in Philadelphia. The Swedes settled on the banks of the Delaware in their village of Wicaco, now called Southwark, a part of the city, as early as 1627. In 1677 they built a log church-fort. In 1700 the present fine church took its place. "An inlet from the river led up to the building, and its shores were lined on the Sabbath days with the canoes of the congregation, moored in the shades of the great sycamores. . . . The stout old sanctuary, built so as to look without interruption or obstacle on the Delaware, is long since imprisoned in a mass of common-place buildings. It faces towards Otsego street. . . . The beautiful orchard and tuft of sycamore trees have disappeared. . . . and the songs of the garden-birds" (Stoddard).

Page 140. 1. 1355.—like the Hebrew. *Erod.* xii. 7, 12f., 13, 22f.

Page 141. 1. 1365.—Green Acadian meadows. Refrain from l. 9ff.

Page 142. l. 1383.—the little Catholic churchyard. See l. 1308, *n.* A small churchyard lying between the church of St. Mary (founded 1763) and Fifth St. and containing gravestones dated as early as 1757. A rather desolate uncared-for place, with the staring brick walls and sign of the Quaker City Laundry and Taylor, Tin and Slate Roofer, on the south, and a Paper-box Factory on the north, which destroy all its sacred associations. The sexton, who knows not that the original story told of the death of the lovers in New England, guides the infrequent visitor to an unmarked grassy space by the north wall where he says the two lovers lie buried. A clump of lilacs shades the spot, as if to add a touch of poetry to the otherwise prosaic realities of the scene.



APPENDIX.





## APPENDIX.

*SIR PATRICK SPENCE.\**

The King sits in Dumferling toune,  
 Drinking his blude-red wine:  
 "O whar will I get gude saillor  
 To sail this ship of mine?"

Up and spake an eldern<sup>1</sup> knicht<sup>2</sup>,  
 Sat at the kings richt kne:  
 "Sir Patrick Spence is the best saillor  
 That sails upon the sea."

5

The king has writ<sup>3</sup>ten a braid letter<sup>4</sup>  
 And signed it wi' his hand,  
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,  
 Was walking on the sand.

10

The first line that Sir Patrick red,  
 A loud laugh<sup>4</sup> he lauched he:  
 The next line that Sir Patrick red,  
 The teir blinded his ee.<sup>5</sup>

15

"O wha is this has don' this deid,  
 This ill deid done to me;  
 To send me out this time o' the yeir  
 To sail upon the se?"

20

"Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,  
 Our guid schip sails the morne."  
 "O say na sae, my master deir,  
 For I feir a deadl' storme."

\*The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

—Coleidge, *Dejection*.

1 Aged. 2 Knight. 3 Broad (open) letter. 4 Laugh. 5 Eye.

"Late, late yestreen<sup>6</sup> I saw the new moone 25  
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;  
 And I feir, I feir, my deir master,  
 That we will com' to harme."

Oour Scots nobles wer richt laith<sup>7</sup>  
 To wet their cork-helld schoone;  
 But lang owre a' the play wer playd 30  
 Thair hats they swam aboone."

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,  
 Wi' thair fans into their hand,  
 Or eik they se Sir Patrick Spence 25  
 Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,  
 Wi' thair gold kems<sup>8</sup> in their hair,  
 Waiting for their ain deir lords,  
 For they'll se thame na mair. 40

Have owre,<sup>9</sup> have owre to Aberdour,<sup>11</sup>  
 It's fifty fadom delp;  
 And thair lies guld Sir Patrick Spence  
 Wi' the Scots lords at his felt.  
 —From Percy's "Reliques."

### TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

#### AN ALLEGORY.

On the wide level of a mountain's head,  
 (I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place)  
 Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread, 5  
 Two lovely children run an end'less race,  
 A sister and a brother!

That far outstripp'd the other;  
 Yet even runs she with reverted face,  
 And looks and listens for the boy behind: 10  
 For he, alas! is blind

O'er rough and smooth with even step he pass'd,  
 And knows not whether he is first or last.  
 —Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

6 Yesterday evening. 7 Loath. 8 On the surface. 9 Combs. 10  
 Half over. 11 A village on the Forth.

## LIFE.

Life! I know not what thou art,  
 But know that thou and I must part;  
 And when, or how, or where we met,  
 I own to me's a secret yet.  
 But this I know, when thou art fled, 5  
 Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,  
 No clod so valueless shall be,  
 As all that then remains of me.  
 O whither, whither dost thou fly,  
 Where bend unseen thy trackless course, 10  
 And in this strange divorce,  
 Ah! tell where I must seek this compound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,  
 From whence thy essence came,  
 Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed 15  
 From matter's base, encumbering weed?  
 Or dost thou, hid from sight,  
 Wait, like some spell-bound knight,  
 Though blank oblivious years the appointed hour,  
 To break thy trance and re-assume thy power! 20  
 Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?  
 O say what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?

Life! we've been long together,  
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear; 25  
 Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;  
 Then steal away, give little warning,  
 Choose thine own time;  
 Say not good night, but in some brighter clime  
 Bid me good morning.

—Mrs. Barbauld (1743-1825).

## REQUIEM.

Under the wide and starry sky,  
 Dig the grave and let me lie.  
 Glad did I live, and gladly die,  
 And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me: 5  
 Here he lies where he longed to be;  
 Home is the sailor from the sea,  
 And the hunter home from the hill.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

## WHAT IS A SONNET?

What is a sonnet? 'Tis a pearly shell  
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;  
A precious jewel carved most curiously;  
It is a little picture painted well.

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell 5  
From a great poet's ecstasy;  
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!  
Sometimes a heavy tolling funeral bell.

This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath,  
The solemn organ whereon Milton played, 10  
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow  
falls;  
A sea is this—beware who ventureth!  
For like a fiord the narrow flood is laid  
Deep as mid ocean to sheer mountain walls.  
—R. W. Gilder.

## MILTON.

He left the upland lawns and serene air  
Wherefrom his soul her noble nurture drew,  
And reared his helm among the unquiet crew  
Battling beneath; the morning radiance rare

Of his young brow amid the tumult there, 5  
Grew grim with sulphurous dust and sanguine  
dew;  
Yet through all soilure they who marked him  
knew  
The signs of his life's dayspring calm and fair.

But when peace came, peace fouler far than war, 10  
And mirth more dissonant than battle's tone,  
He with a scornful laugh of his clear soul,  
Back to his mountain clomb, now bleak and froze,  
And with the awful night, he dwelt alone  
In darkness, listening to the thunder's roll.  
—Ernest Myers.

## SLEEP.

Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace  
 The baiting-place<sup>1</sup> of wit, the balm of woe,  
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;  
 With shield of proof, shield me from out the press 5  
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;  
 O make in me those civil wars to cease;  
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.  
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,  
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light, 10  
 A rosy garland and a weary head:  
 And if these things, as being there by right,  
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me  
 Liveller than elsewhere, Stella's image see.  
 —Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586), in "*Astrophel and  
 Stella*."

## SLEEP.

(2. Henry IV., III., I., 5ff.)

How many thousands of my poorest subjects  
 Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh these eyelids down 5  
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee  
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great, 10  
 Under the canopies of costly state,  
 And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody!  
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
 In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch  
 A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast 15  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brain  
 In cradle of the rude, imperious surge  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them 20  
 With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,  
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?

<sup>1</sup> Place of refreshment.

Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.  
 —*Shakspeare.* 25

---

TO THE DAISY.

Bright Flower! whose home is everywhere,  
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,  
 And all the long years through the heir  
     Of joy or sorrow;  
 Methinks that there abides in thee  
 Some concord with humanity,  
 Given to no other flower I see  
     The forest thorough! 5

Is it that Man is soon deprest?  
 A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,  
 Does little on his memory rest,  
     Or on his reason,  
 And Thou would'st teach him how to find  
 A shelter under every wind,  
 A hope for times that are unkind  
     And every season. 10 15

Thou wander'st the wide world about  
 Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt,  
 With friends to greet thee, or without,  
     Yet pleased and willing;  
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,  
 And all things suffering from all,  
 Thy function apostolical,  
     In peace fulfilling. 20

—*Wordsworth.*

"WHEN A MOUNTING SKYLARK SINGS."

When a mountain skylark sings  
In the sun-lit summer morn,  
I know that heaven is up on high,  
And on earth are fields of corn.

But when a nightingale sings  
In the moon-lit summer even,  
I know not if earth is merely earth,  
Only that heaven is heaven.  
—Christina Rossetti. 5

---

THE LARK.

Bird of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place— 5  
O to abide in the desert with thee!  
Wild is thy lay, and loud,  
Far in the downy cloud,  
Love gives it energy—love gave it birth.  
Where, on thy dewy wing, 10  
Where art thou journeying?  
Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day, 15  
Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar singing away!  
Then when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms 20  
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
O to abide in the desert with thee!  
—James Hogg (1772-1835).



## FROM "THE FIRST SKYLARK OF SPRING."

Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, Sweet,—  
 The virginal untroubled sky,  
 And this vext region at my feet.—  
 Alas, but one have I!

To all my songs there clings the shade, 5  
 The dulling shade of mundane care.  
 They amid mortal mists are made,—  
 Thine in immortal air.

My heart is dashed with griefs and fears;  
 My song comes fluttering, and is gone. 10  
 O high above the home of tears,  
 Eternal Joy, sing on!

\* \* \* \* \*

Somewhat as thou, Man once could sing,  
 In porches of the lucent morn,  
 Ere he had felt his lack of wing, 15  
 Or cursed his iron bourn.

The springtime bubbled in his throat,  
 The sweet sky seemed not far above,  
 And young and lovesome came the note;—  
 Ah, thine is Youth and Love! 20

Thou singest of what he knew of old,  
 And dream-like from afar recalls;  
 In flashes of forgotten gold  
 An orient glory falls.

And as he listens, one by one, 25  
 Life's utmost splendours blaze more nigh;  
 Less inaccessible the sun,  
 Less alien grows the sky.

For thou art native to the spheres,  
 And of the courts of heaven art free, 30  
 And carriest to his temporal ears  
 News from eternity;

And lead'st him to the dizzy verge,  
 And lur'st him o'er the dazzling line,  
 Where mortal and immortal merge, 35  
 And human dies divine.

—William Watson,

## HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in Engand  
 Now that April's there,  
 And whoever wakes in England  
 Sees, some morning unaware,  
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf 5  
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
 In England—now!

And after April when May follows,  
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallow — 10  
 Hark! where blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
 Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover  
 Blossoms and dew-drops,—at the bent spray's  
 edge,—  
 That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice  
 over,  
 Lest you should think he never could recapture 15  
 The first fine careless rapture.  
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,  
 Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower. 20  
 —Browning.

## HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.

Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the North-west  
 died away;  
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeling into  
 Cadiz Bay;  
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafal-  
 gar lay;  
 In the dimmest North-east distance dawned Gibralt-  
 ar grand and grey;  
 'Here and there did England help me: how can I  
 help England?'—say, 5  
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to  
 praise and pray.  
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.  
 —Browning.

## EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE.

To my true king, I offered free from stain,  
 Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.  
 For him, I threw lands, honours, wealth away,  
 And one dear hope, that was more prized than  
 they.

For him I languished in a foreign clime, 5  
 Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;  
 Heard in Laverna, Scargill's<sup>1</sup> whispering trees,  
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;  
 Beheld, each night my home in fevered sleep,  
 Each morning started from the dream to weep; 10  
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave  
 The resting-place I asked, an early grave.  
 Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,  
 From that proud country which was once mine  
 own,  
 By those white cliffs I never more must see, 15  
 By that dear language which I spake 'like thee,  
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear  
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

—Macaulay (1800-1859).

## TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,  
 Like thy own solemn springs,  
 Thy springs, and dying gales;

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun 5  
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
 With brede ethereal wove,  
 O'erhang his wavy bed;

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,  
 With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing; 10  
 Or where the beetle winds  
 His small, but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path.  
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;  
 Now teach me, maid composed, 15  
 To breathe some softened strain,

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<sup>1</sup> In North Yorkshire on the upper Tees.

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening  
vale,

May not unseemly with thy stillness suit;  
As, musing slow, I hail  
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows  
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
The fragrant Hours and Elves  
Who sleep in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with  
sedge, 25  
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,  
The pensive Pleasures sweet,  
Prepare thy shadowy car;

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheezy lake  
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile, 30  
Or upland follows grey  
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds or driving rain  
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,  
That, from the mountain's side, 35  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;  
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all  
Thy dewy fingers draw  
That gradual dusky veil. 40

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,  
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!  
While Summer loves to sport  
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves; 45  
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
Affrights thy shrinking train,  
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long sure-found beneath the sylvan shed  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped  
Health, 50  
Thy gentlest influence own,  
And hymn thy favourite name.

—Collins (1720-1750).

## FROM "SEAWEED."

When descends on the Atlantic  
 The gigantic  
 Storm-wind of the equinox,  
 Landward in his wrath he scourges  
 The toiling surges,  
 Laden with seaweed from the rocks: 5

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges  
 Of sunken ledges,  
 In some far-off, bright Azore;  
 From Bahama, and the dashing,  
 Silver-flashing  
 Surges of San Salvador; 10

From the tumbling surf, that buries  
 The Orkneyan skerries,  
 Answering the hoarse Hebrides;  
 And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
 Spars, uplifting  
 On the desolate, rainy seas;— 15

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
 On the shifting  
 Currents of the restless main;  
 Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
 Of sandy beaches,  
 All have found repose again. 20

—Longfellow.

## THEY ARE ALL GONE.

They are all gone into the world of Light,  
 And I alone sit lingering here!  
 Their very memory is fair and bright,  
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast  
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
 Or these faint beams in which this hill is drest  
 After the sun's remove. 5

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
 Whose light doth trample on my days; 10  
 My days, which are at best but dull and heavy—  
 Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,  
 High as the heavens above!  
 These are your walks, and you have showed them 15  
 me  
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death; the jewel of the just!  
 Shining no where but in the dark;  
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust;  
 Could man outlook that mark! 20

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may  
 know  
 At first sight if the birds be flown;  
 But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,  
 That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams, 25  
 Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,  
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted  
 themes,  
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb  
 Her captive flames must needs burn there; 30  
 But, when the hand that locked her up gives room,  
 She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all  
 Created glories under Thee!  
 Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall 35  
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill  
 My perspective, still as they pass;  
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill,  
 Where I shall need no glass. 40  
 —Vaughan (1621-1695).

## AFTER THE BURIAL.

Yes, faith is a goodly anchor;  
 When skies are sweet as a psalm,  
 At the bows it lolls so stalwart,  
 In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward 5  
 The tattered surges are hurled,  
 It may keep our head to the tempest,  
 With its grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me 10  
 What help in its iron thews,  
 Still true to the broken hawser,  
 Deep down among sea-weed and ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,  
 When the helpless feet stretch out,  
 And find in the deeps of darkness 15  
 No footing as solid as doubt,

Then better one spar of Memory,  
 One broken plank of the Past,  
 That our human heart may cling to,  
 Though hopeless of shore at last! 20

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,  
 To the flesh its sweet despair.  
 Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket  
 With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it, 25  
 Who doubts it of such as she?  
 But that is the pang's very secret,—  
 Immortal away from me.

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard 30  
 Would scarce stay a child in his race,  
 But to me and my thought it is wider  
 Than the star-sown vague of Space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,  
 Your morals most drearily true;  
 But, since the earth clashed on *her* coffin, 35  
 I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console if you will, I can bear it;  
 'Tis a well meant aim of breath;  
 But not all the preaching since Adam  
 Has made Death other than Death. 40

It is pagan; but wait till you feel it,—  
 The jar of our earth—that dull shock  
 When the ploughshare of deeper passion  
 Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit? Forgive me, 45  
 But I, who am earthly and weak,  
 Would give all the incomes from dreamland  
 For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,  
 So worn and wrinkled and brown, 50  
 With its emptiness confutes you,  
 And argues your wisdom down.

—Lowell.

**"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US."**

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon; 5  
 The wind, that will be howling at all hours,  
 And are up, gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
 For these, for everything, we are out of tune;

It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather be 10  
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

—Wordsworth, 1806.



"LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE  
MINDS,"

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark, 5  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come; 10  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom  
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.  
*Shakspeare.*

THE CROSS OF SNOW.

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,  
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—  
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head  
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.  
  
Here in this room she died; and soul more white 5  
Never through martyrdom by fire was led  
To its repose; nor can in books be read  
The legend of a life more benedight.  
  
There is a mountain in the distant West  
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines 10  
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.  
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast  
These eighteen years, through all the changing  
scenes  
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.  
*Longfellow.*

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1 Continues steadfast.

APPENDIX.

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DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,  
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Ball on,  
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,  
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!  
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,  
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,  
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,  
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,  
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,  
And said, "Not yet, in quiet lie."

—Longfellow.

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SUNSET WINGS.

To-night the sunset spreads two golden wings  
Cleaving the western sky;  
Winged too with the wind it is, and winnowings  
Of birds; as if the day's last hour in rings  
Of strenuous flight must die.

Sun-steeped in fire, the homeward pinions sway  
 Above the dovecot-tops;  
 And crowds of starlings, ere they rest with day,  
 Sink, clamorous like mill-waters, at wild play,  
 By turns in every copse:

10

Each tree heart-deep the wrangling rout receives,—  
 Save the whirr within,  
 You could not tell the starlings from the leaves;  
 Then one great puff of wings, and the swarm  
 heaves  
 Away with all its din.

15

Even thus Hope's hours, in ever-eddying flight,  
 To many a refuge tend;  
 With the first light she laughed, and the last light  
 Glows round her still; who nathless in the night  
 At length must make an end.

20

And now the mustering rooks innumerable  
 Together sail and soar,  
 While afar the day's death, like a tolling knell,  
 Unto the heart they seem to cry, Farewell,  
 No more, farewell, no more!

25

Is Hope not plumed, as 'twere a fiery dart?  
 And oh! thou dying day,  
 Even as thou goest must she too depart,  
 And Sorrow fold such pinions on the heart  
 As will not fly away?

25

—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

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#### THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,  
 That serveth not another's will;  
 Whose armour is his honest thought,  
 And simple truth his utmost skill;

# APPENDIX.

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Whose passions not his masters are;  
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,  
Untied unto the world with care  
Of public fame or private breath; 5

Who envies none that chance doth raise, °  
Or vice; hath ever understood 10  
How deepest wounds are given with praise,  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from humours freed;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed, 15  
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,  
More of His grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a well-chosen book or friend. 20

This man is free from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all.  
—Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639).

## FROM "EXTREME UNCTION."

Upon the hour when I was born,  
God said, "Another man shall be,"  
And the great Maker did not scorn  
Out of Himself to fashion me;  
He sunned me with His ripening looks, 5  
And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,  
As effortless as woodland nooks  
Send violets up and paint them blue.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,  
Am exiled back to brutish clod, 10  
Have borne unquenched for four-score years  
A spark of the eternal God;  
And to what end? How yield I back  
The trust for such high uses given?  
Heaven's light hath but revealed a track 15  
Whereby to crawl away from Heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight  
To see a soul just set adrift  
On that drear voyage from whose night  
The ominous shadows never lift; 20  
But 'tis more awful to behold  
A helpless infant newly born,  
Whose little hands unconscious hold  
The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once; I flung away 25  
Those keys that might have open set  
The golden sluices of the day,  
But clutch the keys of darkness yet;—  
I hear the reapers surging go  
Into God's harvest; I, that might 30  
With them have chosen, here below  
Grove shuddering at the gates of night.

O glorious Youth, that once was mine!  
O high Ideal! all in vain  
Ye enter at this ruined shrine 35  
Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;  
The bat and owl inhabit here,  
The snake nests in the altar-stone,  
The sacred vessels moulder near;  
The image of the God is gone. 40

—James Russell Lowell.

## TONIGHT.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,  
 Spirit of Night!  
 Out of the misty eastern cave,  
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,  
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,  
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—  
 Swift be thy flight!

5

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,  
 Star-inwrought!  
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;  
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,  
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
 Come, long sought!

10

When I arose and saw the dawn  
 I sighed for thee;  
 When light rode high and the dew was gone,  
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,  
 Lingered like an unloved guest,  
 I sighed for thee.

15

20

Thy brother Death came and cried,  
 Wouldst thou me?  
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
 Murmured like a noontide bee,  
 Shall I nestle near thy side?  
 Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,  
 No, not thee!

25

Death will come when thou art dead,  
 Soon, too soon—  
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;  
 Of neither would I ask the boon  
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—  
 Swift be thine approaching flight,  
 Come soon, soon!

30

35

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

## THE GLIMPSE.

Just for a day you crossed my life's dull track,  
 Put my ignobler dreams to sudden shame,  
 Went your bright way, and left me to fall back  
 On my own world of poorer deed and aim;

To fall back on my meaner world, and feel 5  
 Like one who, dwelling 'mid some smoke-dimmed  
 town,—  
 In a brief pause of labour's sullen wheel,—  
 'Scaped from the street's dead dust and factory's  
 frown,—

In stainless daylight saw the pure seas roll, 10  
 Saw mountains pillaring the perfect sky:  
 Then journeyed home, to carry in his soul  
 The torment of the difference till he die.  
 —William Watson.

## THE LAST WORD.

Creep into thy narrow bed,  
 Creep, and let no more be said!  
 Vain thy onset! all stands fast.  
 Then thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease! 5  
 Geese are swans and swans are geese.  
 Let them have it how they will!  
 Thou art tired; best be still.

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee! 10  
 Better men fared thus before thee;  
 Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,  
 Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!  
 Let the victors, when they come,  
 When the forts of folly fall, 15  
 Find thy body by the wall.

—Matthew Arnold.

## PROSPICE.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
 The mist in my face,  
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
 I am nearing the place,  
 The power of the night, the press of the storm, 5  
 The post of the foe.  
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
 Yet the strong man must go:  
 For the journey is done and the summit attained, 10  
 And the barriers fall,  
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be  
 gained,  
 The reward of it all.  
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
 The best and the last!  
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and 15  
 forbore,  
 And bade me creep past.  
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
 The heroes of old,  
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
 Of pain, darkness and cold. 20  
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
 The black minute's at end,  
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of 25  
 pain,  
 Then a light, then thy breast,  
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
 And with God be the rest!

BrC 1.

## ALL SAINTS.

One feast, of holy days the crest,  
 I, though no Churchman, love to keep,  
 All-Saints,—the unknown good that rest  
 In God's still memory folded deep; 5  
 The bravely dumb that did their deed,  
 And scorned to blot it with a name,  
 Men of the plain heroic breed,  
 That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.



Such lived not in the past alone,  
 But thread to-day the unheeding street, 10  
 And stairs to Sin and Famine known,  
 Sing with the welcome of their feet;  
 The den they enter grows a shrine,  
 The grimy sash an oriel burns,  
 Their cup of water warms like wine, 15  
 Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears  
 An aureole traced in tenderest light,  
 The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears  
 In dying eyes by them made bright, 20  
 Of souls that shivered on the edge  
 Of that chill ford repassed no more,  
 And in their mercy felt the pledge  
 And sweetness of the farther shore.

—James Russell Lowell.

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**"WHEN, IN DISGRACE WITH FORTUNE AND  
 MEN'S EYES."**

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
 I all alone beweeep my outcast state,  
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate, 5  
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
 With what I most enjoy contented least;  
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising, 10  
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,  
 Like to the lark at break of day arising  
 From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,  
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

—Shakspeare.

## THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood street, when daylight ap-  
 pears,  
 Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for  
 three years;  
 Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard  
 In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She  
 sees

A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;  
 Bright columns of vapour through Lothbury glide,  
 And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,  
 Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;  
 And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,  
 The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven, but they  
 fade,

The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;  
 The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,  
 And the colours have all passed away from her  
 eyes.

Wordsworth.

## O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

(ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.)

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
 The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we  
 sought is won.

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all  
 exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim  
 and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

When on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle  
 trills, 10  
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you  
 the shores a-crowding,  
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager  
 faces turning;  
 Here Captain, dear father!  
 This arm beneath your head!  
 It is some dream that on the deck, 15  
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and  
 still,  
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse  
 nor will,  
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage  
 closed and done,  
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with  
 object won; 20  
 Exult O shores, and ring O bells!  
 But I with mournful tread,  
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
 Fallen cold and dead.  
 —Walt Whitman.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,  
 SEPTEMBER 3, 1802.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty:  
 This city now doth, like a garment, wear  
 The beauty of the morning, silent, bare, 5  
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
 Open unto the fields and to the sky;  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
 Never did sun more beautifully steep  
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill; 10  
 Never saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
 The river glided at his own sweet will;  
 Dear God! The very houses seem asleep,  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still.  
 Wordsworth.

## ODE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
 By all their country's wishes blest!  
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

5

By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,  
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
 And Freedom shall a while repair,  
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

10

*Collins.*

## IN MEMORIAM, II.

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones  
 That name the under-lying dead,  
 Thy fibres net the dreamless head,  
 Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flowers again,  
 And bring the firstling to the flock;  
 And in the dusk of thee, the clock  
 Beats out the little lives of men.

5

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,  
 Who changest not in any gale,  
 Nor branding summer suns avail  
 To touch thy thousand years of gloom:

10

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,  
 Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,  
 I seem to fall from out my blood  
 And grow incorporate into thee.

15

*Tennyson.*

## MEMORABILIA.

Ah! did you see Shelley plain,  
And did he stop and speak to you,  
And did you speak to him again?  
How strange it seems and new!

But you were living before that,  
And also you are living after;  
And the memory I startled at—  
My startling moves your laughter!

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own,  
And a certain use in the world, no doubt,  
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone  
'Mid the blank miles round about.

For these I picked up on the heather  
And there I put inside my breast  
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!  
Well, I forget the rest.

*Browning.*

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide,  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest He, returning chide;  
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"  
I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need  
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best  
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His  
state

Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
They also serve who only stand and wait."

*Milton.*

## TO AUTUMN.

Season of mellow fruitfulness!  
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves  
 run;  
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees, 5  
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
 Unt' they think warm days will never cease, 10  
 Or Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy  
 cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind; 15  
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy  
 hook  
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flow-  
 ers;  
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
 Steady thy laden head across a brook; 20  
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are  
 they?  
 Think not of them, Thou hast thy music too,  
 While barr'd clouds bloom the soft-dying day, 25  
 And touch the stubble-pains with rosy-hue;  
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn; 30  
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft  
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,  
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—John Keats.

## THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
 Sails the unshadowed main,—  
 The venturous bark that flings  
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,  
 And coral reefs lie bare,  
 Where the comely maidens rise to sun their stream-  
 ing hair.

5

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
 And every chambered cell,  
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
 As the frail tenant shaped its growing shell,  
 Before thee lies revealed,—  
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

10

Year after year beheld the silent toll  
 That spread its lustrous coil;  
 Still, as the spiral grew,  
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
 Built up its idle door,  
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the  
 old no more.

15

20

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
 Child of the wandering sea,  
 Cast from her lap forlorn!  
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!  
 While on my ear it rings,  
 Through that old roof of leaves of thought I hear a voice  
 that

25

Build thee many mansions, O my soul,  
 As the swift seraphs build!  
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!

30

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
 Till thou at length art free,  
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting  
 sea!

35

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

**"IT IS NOT GROWING LIKE A TREE."**

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make man better be;  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.  
A lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May,  
Although it fall and die that night—  
It was the plant and flower of light;  
In small proportions we just beauties;  
And in short measures life may perfect. 卐.

—Ben Jonson.







